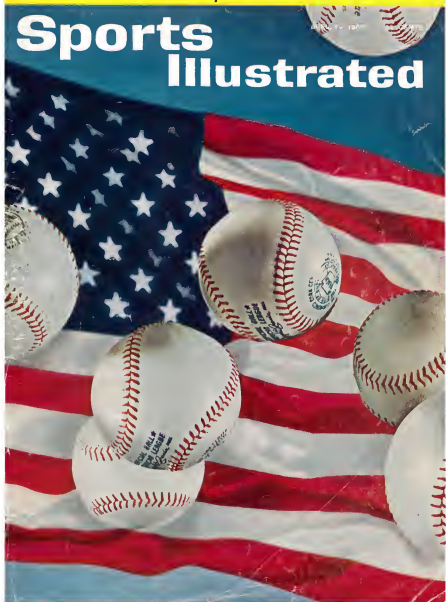


**BASEBALL 1965** | *A dramatic Masters*

# Sports Illustrated





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## Next week

**FANTASTIC JACK NICKLAUS** tells the story of his historic Masters win, with a stroke-by-stroke account of the crucial 64-stroke round that enabled him to break Hogan's record.

**THE KENTUCKY DERBY** will start in spirit a week early. By Derby Sunday there is hardly a spig of men left in town. Liz Smith describes and Richard Mink photographs the festivity.

**JOGGING FOR COO** in the cold waters of Newfoundland may not be considered a sport, but Franklin Russell tells of the Utopian pleasure it can offer a masochist, a poet, or a gourmet.





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## POINT OF FACT

A Boston Marathon quiz to stimulate memories and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

**7 The Boston Marathon is the oldest continuously held long-distance race in America. When was it first held?**

• In 1897 John Graham, Boston Athletic Association team manager, laid out the first marathon course in a horse and buggy. He had been inspired by the Olympics, marathon held the previous year in Greece

**7 How many entered the first marathon and who won it?**

• There were 15 runners. J. J. McDermott of New York was first over the finish line in two hours, 55 minutes and 10 seconds.

**7 Who won the Boston Marathon the greatest number of times?**

• Boston Proofreader Clarence DeMar won it seven times, once three times in a row, between 1911 and 1930

**7 What was the most bizarre accident of the marathon?**

• In 1907 Tom Longboat, an Onondago Indian from Ontario, won by reaching the Framingham railroad crossing in time to sprint across the tracks ahead of a mile-long freight train that stalled the rest of the field. He qualified championship en route

**7 This year the Patriot's Day race will have a new finish line. Instead of turning into Exeter Street off Cambridgeville Avenue, the runners will swing up Hereford Street into Boston Street. Is this the first change in the course?**

• No. The course has been changed seven times, mostly because of the construction of new roads, which changed the official distance of 26 miles, 385 yards

**7 Prior to 1946 Americans won the race 35 times and Canadians 13 times. Which countries have won since that year?**

• Finland has won six times, Japan three, Korea twice; Greece, Canada, Sweden, Guatemala, the U.S., Yugoslavia and Belgium each once.

—JUDY MURPHY

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## SHOPWALK

**The old school tie is so extensive that almost anyone with a neck has one**

**A**n Englishman's neck is his billboard. Give him a school, college or regiment and he will drape his throat in a cravat of special and occasionally startling design unintelligible to 99% of his countrymen.

But to the 1% who may recognize it, the proper tie—old-school or otherwise—brings a warm glow of satisfaction.

One of the world's great wellspring of striped ties is Vannors & Fennell, London textile merchants who weave the designs for "clubs and regimentals." They have an inventory showing 60,000 different kinds of special ties and get 25 to 50 inquiries about new patterns every week, according to Bernard Rowland, the firm's agent in America.

Ties come in three categories: descript, which mean something (subdivided in the trade into "clubs and regimentals," with stripes, and "motif" ties, with crests, crowns, etc.); nondescript, which do not mean anything, and novelty ties, sometimes known as knee-danglers. In a little shop called C. H. Munday, just off Leicester Square in London, a thriving business is done in little else besides 2,000 different styles of descript ties.

Descript ties do not have to go with the color of your suit. The Leander Boat Club tie, for instance, is solid pink—which does not go with very much. Old gullers at Henley sometimes also wear pink socks, which might startle visiting Americans but is normal plumage among boating colors.

The two most famous ties are the Old Etonian Club (light blue stripes, standard bias, on black background) and the Guards (equal-size bands of alternating maroon and navy, standard bias). Of course, no one is supposed to wear an Old Etonian tie unless he is a paid-up member of the Old Etonian Club and, since most people aren't, only about 20% of the ties are worn legitimately.

Vannors & Fennell make 80% of all the descript tie material used in the British Isles and a huge amount of the tie material shipped abroad. South Africa and Australia are the great team-tie countries, but the U.S. is catching on. V. & F. make the material for the "golden fleece" ties Brooks Brothers employees can sometimes be seen wearing.

On most occasions there is a special tie that can be worn. Except sometimes.

When Neil Cream, the notorious murderer of women who some believe was the never-identified Jack the Ripper, was found putting his tie on at dawn the day of his execution, James Billington, the most renowned hangman of his time, is said to have remarked, "I don't think that will be necessary this morning, or."

—RICHARD WALK





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## BOOKTALK

**An animal-loving Englishman makes an indignant indictment of blood sports**

If there is much about hunting and shooting in these pages," writes British Social Historian E. S. Turner in *All Heaven Is a Rose* (St. Martin's Press, \$4.95), "it is because that is the ground on which people are always spoiling for a fight. . . . The basic question, in hunting and shooting, is: 'Should killing for amusement be left to the individual conscience?' Or is it one of those forms of self-expression, like rape and the seduction of minors, which call for legislative restraint?"

Turner answers these questions, to his own satisfaction at least, by meticulously tracing the "atrocities" of "blood and circus" sports and animal slaughter over the past 2,000 years, mostly in England. Often witty and always caustic, Turner vividly details the insensate boating of tethered animals, wild and domestic, and makes it abundantly clear that he considers all forms of shooting (at game birds) and hunting (of game animals) just as uncivilized. But sensitive hunters who read this fascinating and often appalling history of man's treatment of animals and birds may come away convinced that if man must kill for sport, he should try to do so in the most humane manner possible, or at least with a greater respect for his quarry than the "sportsmen" that Turner rebels against.

Turner's appropriate tale is taken from William Blake's famous couplet: "A robin redbreast in a cage/Puts all heaven in a rage," and Turner immediately sets out to enrage animal lovers by recounting the savageries of the Roman amphitheater. "Under the emperors, as the legends brought back not only lions by the thousand but rhinos, hippos, bears, bulls, stags, crocodiles and snakes, the mob yowled at the tedious variety of Nature and could hardly wait to see the hard-won menageries destroyed."

The British of a later era were not much more civilized. In 1591 Queen Elizabeth killed deer in an enclosure with a crossbow while musicians played. "The Queen also hunted deer in the traditional manner in the forest," Turner explains, "dismounting to cut the animal's throat with her own hand. Sometimes it pleased her to show clemency, as when on a visit to Kenilworth, she allowed a captured hart to return to the forest, though not before depriving it of its ears 'for a ransom.'" Tethered bears, bulls, Hungarian even, wild boar and badgers were baited with snarling mastiffs. The Queen regarded baiting "a more fit national pastime than the theater."

Turner looks askance at the use of coursing hounds to run down fox and hare and greets the reader the distinct impression that

*(continued)*



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he considers nil such "sportsmen" as leering and lecherous as Squire Western in *Tom Jones*. Just as odious were the "social climbers" who courted "dihorned" deer (Mr. Turner should be informed that deer have antlers, not horns). Turner also has a in for "shooting flying" Sportsmen who shot at game birds were succumbing to the lure of the "big bag." "Until about 1840 it had been the custom to walk up birds with dogs, then came the fashion of driving game over the guns. . . . A sportsman was now measured by his coolness and discipline in a 'hot corner' at a battue, almost as if he were standing in a block-house picking off murderers-furry-wuzzies. . . . The rate of slaughter was intensified first by the introduction of the breech-loader, and then by the double-barrel [shotgun]." The coolest and most disciplined all-time shooting "sportsman" was the Marquess of Ripon, who "destroyed 500,256 birds and beasts between 1867 and 1913." Comments Turner wryly: "Obviously, the art of shooting flying needed a code of behaviour, if the division between sportsman and poacher was not to become hopelessly fogged." In mid-Victorian times, it was very fit to shoot pigeons from traps at Hurlingham and bet on the results "before dotting female eyes in rose gardens with Guards bands playing." Mr. Turner would be horrified to learn that openly in Mexico and furtively in several southwestern states, sportsmen kill live pigeons thrown into the air by a colonel's or a lively Mexican mariachi bands play in the background.

In his introduction Turner writes: "In our attitudes to animals we are hopelessly, perversely inconsistent. There have been fox-hunters who revolted at the idea of performing animals. Game shots who later the ground with cripples denounce deer-hunters as barbarians. Old ladies assault men who try to kill pigeons, but keep cats which destroy birds." Turner notes later that sportsmen justified certain kinds of hunting and shooting because they made physical demands on devotees. "It was possible to argue from this," he says, "that a man who stood up to his waist in icy water destroying duck was performing a nobler task than one who stood on dry land destroying partridges."

Turner is cheered that societies like the RSPCA have lobbied successfully against some aspects of vivisection, and against baiting, trap-pigeon shoots and even "rattling" with terriers. (In 1862 a superb ratler named Jacko "piled up 1,000 corpses in less than one hour 40 minutes.") But he admits ruefully that Parliament is a long way from outlawing hunting or shooting, and he thinks it shameful that "nobody has ever started a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fish" and that "the Church of England Prayer Book still lacks a prayer for animals."

—DUNCAN BARNES

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# SCORECARD

## TEMPEST IN A BEANPOT

The ill-starred heavyweight championship rematch between Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston, originally scheduled for last November 16 but postponed to May 25 by Clay's hernia operation, now is threatened by Boston's district attorney, Garrett H. Byrne, who cites a number of likely illegalities.

Among them, says Byrne, is that Inter-Continental Promotions, Inc. is co-promoter but is not incorporated in Massachusetts. Quite illegal. Then it would appear that John Nilon, the hot-dog salesman, may be Liston's manager, though Liston says he is not. In any case Nilon has no license to manage in Massachusetts. And so on, through interminable contradictions and technicalities.

We make no firm judgment on the legal aspects, except to surmise that Byrne is probably right, since so much of boxing's business is conducted in the shadows. But it is unfortunate that the district attorney did not make his move sooner, soon enough so that the matter could be ironed out before the fight or the fight could be moved elsewhere, if that should prove necessary. But with little more than a month to go and the prospect of the fight in at least some doubt, promotion will be difficult, the fighters will scarcely be in a mood to train properly and the fans—who will not appreciate being again cast in the role of political football—can hardly be expected to respond with enthusiasm.

All the information Byrne has now must have been available to him when the fight was scheduled for last November. His timing is very much off.

## DOOM FOR THE DOME

When they built the Houston Astros' domed stadium they thought of everything—plush boxes, closed-circuit TV, bars and beds—except baseball. Now, having discovered that fly balls cannot be seen when daylight streams through the Lucite-paneled dome, a ludicrous desperation has seized the Astros. They experimented with baseballs of various

colors; they are trying out sunglasses; they are talking of covering the dome with a tarpaulin or painting it some opaque color; they are talking of only night games.

It turned out that the colored baseballs cannot be seen, either, and sunglasses probably will not work. Covering or painting the dome will deprive the grass of light and kill it. Artificial grass spells artificial baseball. There is enough night baseball already. No club should be permitted—or obliged—to play all its games under artificial light.

Through it all, Warren Giles, National League president, smiled like Pollyanna. "Well, you have to expect a few bugs in any new park," he said, quite as if this one had not been hit by a plague of locusts.

## CADDIE TELLS LADDIE

"The caddies at Scotland's St. Andrews are wonderful," says Dale Morey, member of the U.S. team in the 1964 World Amateur and a former Walker Cupper, "but they have one glaring fault."

"They think you can't play the game without them," he says, recalling the Walker Cup matches of 1955. (For a corroborating view, see page 28.) "Every time I went to choose a club, there'd be one sticking about a foot higher out of the bag, and that was the one I'd better take."

Coming to the 15th all even and needing to win to keep the U.S. in the lead, Morey observed heather behind the green and, to avoid it, decided on a low two-iron shot into the wind.

"The four-wood was sticking about a foot and a half out of my bag by this time," he said, "but I reached for the two-iron anyway. 'Laddie, it's a four-wood,' my caddie said loudly. The gallery stirred. At the risk of an international incident I took the two-iron. The caddie stood right behind my ball so I couldn't swing at it. I banged the club against the bag a few times, and he grudgingly moved back about two feet, giving me just enough room to take the club back. I hit the ball real

well . . . about a foot from the hole.

"I turned to my caddie to gloat a little. He looked me straight in the eye. 'You're short, laddie,' he said. 'It was a four-wood.'"

## IF WISHES WERE HORSES

Now that April 15 is here and we are all feeling purged and penurious, we contemplate a list of four dream cars we would like but cannot afford to buy:

One Ferrari Grand Tourer	\$9,250
One land speed car	
to set world record	\$10,000
With tires	\$60,000
One Aston Martin	\$10,220
One Aston Martin,	
007-equipped	\$45,000
We cannot afford them partly because of these two utility vehicles we just paid for:	
One Secret Service limousine	\$197,000
One four-door with	
bubble top for L.B.J.	\$325,000

## OLD FAITHFUL

Spring has arrived at Stevens Pass in Washington's Cascade Range. For predicting the hour and date of its arrival Mrs. Lorna Dickeson is richer by \$50. Arrival of the season is announced each



year by Gorgeous George, a heavy (500 pounds) but amiable black bear who survives on handouts from the Squirrel Tree Restaurant. Each year George comes out of hibernation, usually during the first week in April, and drops by the restaurant for his first breakfast in months. For the past several years the Squirrel Tree people have been making book on George, posting a prize for the closest guess—day and hour—on George's return.

*continued*



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## SCORECARD

By April 1 tension had mounted to the point where anxious natives were out trampling the softening snow and poking around bags for the first sign of 'kunk cabbage.

Then, at noon on April 6 there was a mighty thump on the back door of the Squirrel Tree. Standing outside was George, yawning and grinning, with a paw out. It was spring again in Stevens Pass.

## A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR

What protection is there for the common motorist? Very little, according to the medical profession, which tended two million persons injured in highway accidents last year. The doctors' concern is not to prevent accidents, but to prevent injuries, and a group has compiled a list of safety measures and devices it feels the automobile industry should adopt. Last week, in protest against defects in current automobile design, the Physicians for Automotive Safety picketed the International Automobile Show at the New York Coliseum. The public, assured to pickets, paid no attention.

It is, in fact, the apathetic public that is at fault in the matter, not the industry. Detroit knows what the public needs, but that is not necessarily what it will buy. So far the public has shown no interest in paying for the added safety of stronger construction, properly padded dashboards, recessed knobs and handles, telescoping steering wheels, double-catch doors. Detroit is, in fact, working on experimental models that incorporate the elements of the "fail-safe" car, which will sheath its occupants in the aseptic immunity of an incubator. But it will be an odd-looking vehicle with no flashy chrome, no battery of buttons and knobs, no lines on which to impale the pedestrian. Its worst selling point is its virtue. It is good for you. Like spinach, this is hard to swallow.

## THE AVAILABLE STATISTICAL

Doubling as press agent for the 76ers basketball team and as keeper of the team scores, Philadelphia Harvey Pollack is a two-portfolio man. Life for P.R. Man Pollack is fine; his team has come far this season. But life for Statistician Pollack is agonizing. He has the feeling that he is being rebounded.

Pollack is one of those basketball buffs caught up in the game-within-a-game drama being played at the moment

between Wilt Chamberlain of the 76ers and Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics. Officially—or statistically, as they say in the National Basketball Association—Russell and Chamberlain are very close in their skill at getting the ball off the backboards—1,878 to 1,673 for the season. Unofficially, statistically or otherwise, this cannot be true, says Pollack, and he hopes to prove it.

In one recent game Boston scorekeeper Dennis Whumash counted 32 rebounds for Russell, 31 for Chamberlain. Pollack, at the same game, tallied it more like 18 for Russell and 30 for Chamberlain.

The dispute over which is the better backboard man is, of course, one of those arguments without end. What concerns us is that there should be such argument at all. The trouble probably lies in the fact that each NBA team hires its own official scorekeeper, each subject to intense home-town pressures. Even so, the wide disparity in counts should properly puzzle fans. Doesn't one simply count the rebounds and leave it at that? The figures should not be Boston statistics or Philadelphia statistics but just plain, old, correct statistics.

American sports fans have long regarded official records as unavailable—a sort of fortress of agate type to which one could retreat when all else failed. That official records should differ dismays us. As an unofficial group, that is. Statistically speaking, of course.

#### RARE FISH, THE SCAMP

Whether *in pupillote* or plain broiled, the pompano is considered by most gourmets to be supreme among the fishes of Florida. But there are those who hold out for the scamp, an aptly named fish most of us never heard of, but so called because of its ability to steal bait without being caught. For that matter, most Floridians have never heard of it. Few Florida restaurants offer it on their menus, few fish markets have it for sale. But it does exist and it is delicious.

The scamp is in the grouper family and is classified by one scientific school as *Mycteroperca falcata*, by another as *Mycteroperca phenax*. It is found in Florida and West Indies waters and, taken close to shore, will average two to three pounds. Out in the deep Gulf of Mexico, over the coral bottoms, 15-pounders are netted along with red snapper hauls. One reason it is not easy to get scamp is that the commer-

*continued*

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#### SCORECARD *continued*

evil fishermen hold back a lot of the catch for their families and close friends.

The secret of the scamp's allure for the epicure lies in its white, moist flesh which, when properly prepared, has a flakiness that yields to the lightest touch of the fork. One scamp addict recommends broiling but notes sadly that there are those "who eat fish only in some fried state." To these, he says, "The moisture must not be lost. . . . If you fry, make it like the most fragile of fish fingers."

The St. Petersburg area may offer the traveler the best chance to sample scamp. Mastry's on Central Avenue has it on the menu from time to time. The Palmetto Pier Marine on the Manatee River does a big scamp business, when the fish is available, and it is well prepared at Nick's Shrimp Bar in Pass-a-Grille Beach.

It's worth the trip.

#### BREEDING

James Emory Fox II stands 6 feet 2, weighs 180 pounds and batted .320 as a first baseman for Lakewood (Ohio) High School last spring. The past winter he played in the Winter Instructional League in Sarasota, Fla., and was all set to sign with the Boston Red Sox, except that he also had a chance to go to college and his father wanted him to go to college. His father, of course, is none other than the old Double X, baseball's Hall of Famer.

So Jimmy enrolled at Kent State University, where Leo Strang, football coach, says he is a fine quarterback prospect. "He throws well, has a good arm and is maneuverable," says Strang.

Just like his dad.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Barney Schultz, Cardinal pitcher, explaining how he named the "mattress pitch" he used in the World Series: "I threw it and the Yankees laid on it."

- Jimmy Demaree, pro golfer, appraising Bob Hope's game after an exhibition: "He was hitting his woods well. It was getting out of them that was giving him trouble."

- Willie Pastrano, asked by the ring doctor if he knew where he was after being knocked down during his light heavyweight title fight against José Torres: "You're damn right I know where I am; I'm in Madison Square Garden getting beaten up."

END





## If you think flying's just for supermen, read how these ordinary automobile drivers Fly PIPER

**CLAUDE R. ERICKSON**, Livingston, Montana. "Four years ago, one nice Sunday, I followed an impulse and drove out to the local airport and took a flying lesson. One week later, I'd soloed. Sixty-one days later I had my private license. I guess I was as surprised as anybody to find myself a pilot at the age of 42. It gave me a whole new idea, though, when she saw how easy it was. Now she's a pilot, too."

"After we both had a license, I bought a Piper Comanche. My banking business takes me all over the Northwest, and one 800-mile trip I make regularly each month now takes just half a day instead of two full ones. Occasionally, I've been in Minneapolis and Los Angeles in the same week."

"But the real thrill of flying is for pleasure. We've flown from Maine to Mexico, from Alaska to the Bahamas. We never would have done it if I hadn't followed that impulse. The last four years have been a whole new way of life for us. Flying is the most practical and pleasurable thing that I've ever done."

**ARNOLD HOLT**, Co. Col., Connecticut. "I've always wanted to fly but, like lots of people, I guess I felt I needed an excuse to spend all that money. Well, we have a summer home in Maine where I'd like to spend more time, and my business travel is over 100,000 airline miles a year. Reason enough. I finally took the big step a year ago May and went to the nearest Piper dealer."

"Within six months I had a Private License and a twin-engine Piper Apache. I still use the airlines for the long hauls, but the Apache handles most business trips and we now measure time to Maine in minutes instead of hours."

"As for 'all that money,' flying just isn't that expensive when compared with lots of other hobbies... and what you can get out of them in usefulness and enjoyment. Don't wait for an excuse. Do it!"

**LAWRENCE SELIGMAN**, Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. "I think you people are missing a bet when you keep talking about how great an airplane is for business. Sure I use my airplane for business, but the real reason I bought it is because it's so much fun. When I first started flying three years ago I had the usual idea that it would fill a vital need in my sales organization. I soon discovered that my flying also amounted to real solid family recreation. A new way of life opened up for my wife and me and our two youngsters."

"Our neighbors probably think we're a little nuts, but we hop in our Comanche on a Saturday morning and head for Canada, or Cape Hatteras, or Martha's Vineyard and relax. When we get back home Sunday my batteries are all recharged for a week's work."

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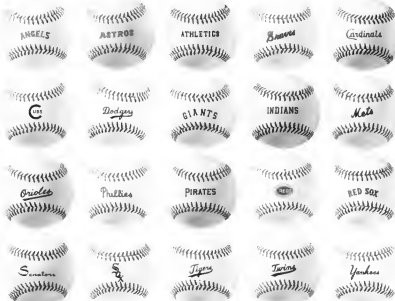
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# ALL ALONE AT THE TOP

*By going on a record-smashing spree at the Masters, Jack Nicklaus proves himself a golfer without peer. Suddenly and dramatically he has the galleries behind him and an unlimited future ahead of him* **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

**A**lthough he has been in the limelight of professional golf for three years now—and it is a pretty blinding limelight—Jack Nicklaus may still be one of the least understood of major sports celebrities. In the past when concentrating on his work, as great golfers must, he has often worn a scowl that is considered unfriendly and even overly aggressive by those who do not know him. There are some who consider him cocky, although he is really quite deferential for a man of his unusual talents. Only two years ago, the enormous gallery that surrounded the 18th green at the Masters actually cheered when a bogey for Nicklaus was posted on the scoreboard.

Nonetheless, Jack Nicklaus won the Masters Tournament in 1963. Last week, under memorable circumstances, he repeated that victory before an equally enormous crowd, but this time they knew and liked him. As he came up the 18th fairway the applause that greeted him must have broken several sound barriers, and every clap of it was heartfelt and sincere. He was, at last, an unforgettable part of Masters history, for he was smashing Ben Hogan's 12-year-old tournament record of 274 by three strokes and had already tied the one-round record of 64. As he removed his floppy white golf hat, a grin as wide as Augusta National's fairways spread across his face. There was no mistaking now that, at 25, Jack Nicklaus not only is the most talented young golfer to come along in 40 years, but one of the most likable as well.

Nicklaus had come to Augusta feel-

ing good and feeling confident, but he could not have been prepared for the warmth of the followers who awaited him there. As soon as he sensed it he began to grin with them, and talk to them and laugh with them in such a casual fashion that it became hard to realize he was a man taking apart a fabled golf course as no Sam Snead or Ben Hogan or Byron Nelson or Arnold Palmer ever had. His 67-71-64-69—271 on one of the world's most demanding courses was an awesome performance. And yet he managed it with such ease—without even playing his best golf, in fact—that the suspicion lingers he could do it again tomorrow. His finish left him an overwhelming nine strokes ahead of his nearest competitors, Arnold Palmer and Gary Player, who themselves had played so well that their 280s would have won all but five of the 28 previous Masters championships. In fact, early in the tournament each of them had looked like a winner: Player on Thursday, Palmer on Friday.

Customarily the birdies come slowly and reluctantly on the opening day of the Masters, as if the golfers are timid about damaging the reputation of Augusta National and timid, too, about taking gambles that might ruin their hopes before they so much as have a chance to be proud of being invited. But last Thursday was different. The course was benign, and the golfers were not. The weather was warm, dry and breezeless, and the tournament committee, perhaps deceived by predictions of

rain or upset by increasing complaints that only long hitters can win the Masters anymore, had moved the tee markers up and put the pins in easy positions.

As a result, short hitters were reaching the greens on the par-5 holes in two, long hitters were getting there with a drive and a five-iron and the towering scoreboards were becoming walls of crimson—red being the color used to post subpar scores at Augusta. On its most generous day in the past—the third round of last year's Masters—the course had submitted to only 20 subpar rounds. On this opening Thursday, 33 players were under par. To assess the scope of Augusta's humiliation you need only consider that this is more subpar rounds for a first day than the pros managed at Greensboro, Pensacola, Jacksonville, Phoenix, San Francisco, the Crosby or the L.A. Open this year. By the time Gary Player got ready to tee off in the afternoon he not only could see that Tommy Aaron was in with a 67, but that Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Tony Lema, Dan Sikes, Tommy Bolt, Wes Ellis and every 6-foot mule skinner from Texas was on his way to shooting Augusta National in zero or less.

Yet always exuberant Gary was not dismayed. He had a new set of muscles that several months of intensive exercises had produced. He was this very day reading *The Power of Positive Thinking*. He was convinced, as he had said the week before, that "all you have to do at Augusta is stand there on the tee and hit the

*continued*

*Before a scoreboard blazing red with subpar scores, Nicklaus adds another birdie to his string, this one on the 8th hole of his historic third round.*

HOLE	PAR	PREV SCORE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
			4	5	4	3	4	3	4
PALMER		6	6						
AARDN		3	3						
SANDERS		3	3	4					
BAYER		1	1	1					
LEMA		4	4	4	3	2			
PLAYER		6	6	6	7	7			
WININGER		2	1		0	0	0	1	
IKES, D.		5	4		4	4	4	4	
CKLAUS		6	6	7			8	9	10
LITTLER		1							





ball at the whole world. You can't get in trouble, the fairways are so wide." He had a new jewel-bright putter that he had paid \$50 for in Japan. And he was telling everybody, "I'm playing so well I can't believe it."

Whatever Gary thought, or said, he was right. Unintimidated by that red sea of subpar figures already posted, he started off birdie, birdie, birdie. Out in 32, his magnificent golf faltered only twice on the back nine, but each time he salvaged a par and he subsequently added three more birdies for a 65, to take a two-stroke lead. Only two other golfers in Masters history had shot a 65.

Afterward, Gary was understandably euphoric. He talked at length about his meticulous diet and the exercises he has been taking with weights, and said that within another year even bigger muscles will add 15 or 20 yards to his tee shoes. He forecast that by 1970 most of the tournament golfers would be working with weights. "They do it in every other sport," he said, "so it only stands to reason that they will do it in golf. Jack and Arnie kid me a lot about all my exercising and muscle building. Well, let me tell you they wouldn't if they got shrunk to 5 feet 7 and had to stand on the tee with me. Then we'd see who outlast who."

("Man," said old Jimmy Demaret, who had shot a 71 even though his muscles are mostly around his middle, "we got guys on the tour now who don't eat anything but scaweed and tree roots. If Gary keeps this up he'll be a real goner.")

Naturally, after Player's fine round it occurred to many people that Ben Hogan's tournament record of 274, which he set in 1953, might be in peril. "It depends on the weather," Player said. "Every record in sport must go sometime. But if anyone is going to break Hogan's I would have to say it will be Nicklaus. There is no such thing as a par-5 hole on this golf course for Nicklaus because he is so strong and he hits the ball so far. Not only that, he has a tremendous touch. I predict that if the weather is good Jack will break the tournament record."

Earlier in the day Nicklaus had made a small start toward fulfilling this slightly nonpositive thinking by Player. His 67

had put him in a four-way tie with Aaron, Lema and Sikes, but somehow the Nicklaus 67 was achieved with such free-wheeling ease that it seemed like a routine round. This was not the grunting and straining Nicklaus of other years, who sometimes swung at the ball like a lumberman whacking a redwood. The Nicklaus swing of this tournament was so smooth and effortless that Jack looked to be only half trying. Yet he was hitting his drives 300 yards and better, and lofting little wedge shots to greens that other players could only reach with much longer clubs. Nicklaus was also hitting his irons high, as he usually does. This is especially important at the Masters. "They talk about his driving," said Byron Nelson, "but he wins at Augusta because he has that very long, very high iron shot that just drops on the green." In seven practice rounds during the week before the Masters, Nicklaus was never once over par, and his confidence in himself fairly bubbled forth. But when he went home from the course Thursday night he was far from happy with his putting. Changes were coming up. He was two strokes behind Player, and only three ahead of that ever-fearsome fellow, Arnold Palmer.

In addition to all the birdies, there were two other things to see on Thursday, one chilling, one warm. A smattering of people watched as Ken Venturi teed off at 11 a.m., the circulation in his ailing right hand no better. ("I can stick pins in it and not feel anything," he told a fellow pro.) His first shot went into some fruit trees on the right. He played seven holes before he reached a green in regulation figures. His longest tee shots were less than 200 yards. He is the U.S. Open champion, but no gallery followed him, understandably, perhaps. Ken Venturi was something not to see.

Then there was Bobby Jones. The glorious weather brought him out, a rare appearance on the course for the man who started the Masters. He is suffering severely these days from spinal trouble and is hardly able to fulfill the role of host to the tournament, turning over most of the work to his old friend and colleague, Clifford Roberts. But on this fine day Jones was driven out to the back nine in a golf cart. He was at the 15th hole when Jack Nicklaus got a birdie 4. After

holing out, Nicklaus walked over to Bob Jones and greeted him with all the touching respect that today's famous golfers feel toward this legendary figure whom most of them are too young ever to have seen in action. As each of the following players approached the 15th green, Jones checked his identity with a nearby official, for he wanted to greet each by name. As they passed his cart on their way to the 16th tee, each would stop, tip his hat and shake Jones's hand.

Jones must also have enjoyed the enthusiasm of the crowd. For the second consecutive year, Masters officials sensibly limited galleries to a figure that is their own well-kept secret, although estimates run anywhere from 25,000 to 40,000, the former probably being closer to the truth. On Thursday only 2,500 daily tickets were left to be put on sale at the gates, and the supply was exhausted within an hour after play began. Tickets for Saturday and Sunday had been sold out for a week, and scalpers were getting as much as \$175 for a two-day pair. One radio station advertised a telephone number where tickets could be obtained, but another, WBIA, took a different tack. On Saturday morning an announcer read and reread an editorial abhorring the scalping as a blow to civic pride and requested listeners to report any such activity to the tournament committee at once. "WBIA can only ask that you let your conscience be your guide," the voice intoned. Preferred parking stickers were also at a premium, and one local citizen whose conscience was gauding him astray was peddling photostats of them, which caused a bit of a crush in the parking lots. Thus golf had its first gate-crashing, credential-forging, ticket-scalping tournament, and never mind if the players were happily whipping their way around the hallowed Augusta National course as if it were the site of the Sioux City Open.

Friday started with a bulletin and a breeze, and both meant trouble. The first, News Bulletin No. 12, was signed by R. T. Jones Jr. and Clifford Roberts and said, in part: "The world's finest golfers responded splendidly to the most ideal course and weather conditions we have ever been privileged to offer. Our golf course officials will fol-

*continued*

*Intent Gary Player strides off the 17th tee on Thursday as he approaches the end of the near-flawless round that gave him the first-day lead.*

low our established procedure with respect to pin locations and tee markers. We anticipate and hope for more low scoring today." Oh, sure. And Rome hoped Hannibal wouldn't mind the Alps. What the golf course officials did was move the tee markers back and put the pins in some fanciful positions. The effect of their effort was abetted by the wind, which is especially nasty at Augusta because it cuts and swirls through the giant pines in unpredictable patterns. Now subtle skills were needed, and the Masters was for masters once again.

Defending Champion Palmer, the tournament's only four-time winner, took command. His opening-round 70 had looked anemic alongside Player's 65 and all the 67s and 68s that filled the scoreboard. Already the Palmer-doubters were beginning to write him off. But Arnold had actually played quite well. His driving was excellent and he was hitting his irons firmly. Only his putting had lacked authority. He had two three-putt greens but, more important, he had at least two good birdie putts that he seemed to hit lamely off to the low side of the hole.

On the Monday before the tournament started he had received five new

Arnold Palmer putters from his company in Chattanooga, though they could not be told from his famous old one because the manufacturer is now dipping this model putter into copper sulphate to give it a rusted look. But not even instant rust could help Arnold's confidence. He had been fussing about his putting for weeks. "He has to get his confidence back," his wife Winnie said. "Last night Arnie was certain that he was the worst putter who ever stepped onto a golf course. Just try and convince him he is wrong. The big difference between Jack and Arnie right now is confidence. It does not occur to Jack that he can miss a putt. It is when you get older that you realize you can miss them."

Arnie began his Friday round in a nine-way tie for 12th place, with a different putter in his bag and, almost surely, a slighted feeling because his name was not on the leader's scoreboard. On the first green he sank a perilous 18-footer for a birdie 3. On the second, he two-putted from just off the back edge of the green for a birdie 4. Quickly his name reappeared on the scoreboards, one of which noted him as A. Palmer (is there a B. Palmer?). On the third hole he sank a 40-foot chip shot for a birdie, and

now he was within two strokes of Player.

By the time he got to the 13th Arnie's Army was in full cry, and he was ready to gamble. To shouts of, "Go for it, Arnie," he hit a nervy three-wood out of a nasty lie against a strong wind. It carried the water and reached the green, where he two-putted for a birdie. The same choice of club was later to cost Nicklaus a bogey when his ball just barely cleared the creek and then rolled back into the water. But Arnold's tremendous shot landed well on, and the Army loved it.

Palmer got his birdie at the 13th and another at the par-5 15th after an equally daring wood shot that was hit into the gallery—very likely on purpose, but soldiers in any Army must be prepared to suffer. He coasted in from there with a 68 that might easily have been three or four strokes better. It was the best score of the day by two strokes and, considering the conditions, probably the best round of the tournament so far. The only other subpar rounds among those who survived the cut were Ken Nagle's 70 and 71s by Nicklaus and Bobby Nichols. Player, who came in with a rather dicey 73, was now locked in a three-way tie for the lead with Palmer and Nicklaus at 138. Where a few hours

## EVEN IRON MAN COULDN'T WIN FOR ARNIE



It was not Iron Man's year. The odd ones never are, those being the years when Arnold Palmer loses the Masters. But until Willy Peterson brings Jack Nicklaus in twice more, Nat Avery—Iron Man Avery—will continue to be the most distinguished man among all of those who play whist on the dirt floor and sleep on the wooden benches in the caddy-pen of the Augusta National Golf Club.

All Iron Man wanted to do last week was keep his team playing well from tee to green. Four times in the past Iron Man had done it, and four times Palmer had won the Masters. These successes helped earn Palmer hundreds of thousands of dollars, and they did not hurt Iron Man. He collected a total of \$5,000 from Arnold for the four championship years and, as a caddy's wages go, that is the equivalent of being a leading money winner. Once, he almost got big rich when Winnie Palmer, excited in a moment of victory, accidentally wrote him a check for \$14,000 instead of \$1,400. Iron Man called her up and complained, "Miz Palmer, I can't get this check cashed."

Also, Iron Man became famous, certainly the best known caddy in America since Joe Hbrgan used to pick his spots in the



earlier Ben Hogan's tournament record had seemed in serious jeopardy, now it appeared safe again for years to come.

What had happened to so drastically change the character of Augusta National? It was agreed that, as Palmer put it, "The course played almost as hard today as it played easy yesterday. The pin placements were as difficult as I've ever seen for a day like today. My guess is that they had a little thing in the back of their minds about some 30 or more scores under par yesterday. They didn't want to see that again."

"You could drop a bag of balls on some of the fairways and not hit one of them closer than 10 feet to the hole," said Player. Tony Lema thought the course played "six strokes tougher," which was the difference between his scores on Thursday and Friday.

On Saturday everyone settled down to watch the contest between the leaders—Palmer, Player and Nicklaus—and if the situation had a decided similarity to a television series called *Big Three Golf*, well, that's show biz.

Nicklaus was the first of the trio to leave the tee, and after a routine par on the first hole he came up with a remarkable birdie on 2, a 555-yard par-5. His tee shot was of epic proportions and

could have resulted in epic trouble. It started to the right, began to fade even more and was last visible over a pine forest and headed in the general direction of Atlanta. The trees eventually slowed the ball, and it fell in a bed of pine needles about 25 yards deep in the woods. When Jack walked up his face was a mask of concern. Then he looked toward the green and discovered a wide-open path for his shot. He raised his eyes to heaven, his face broke into a wide grin and from that moment on he was never in danger of losing the 1965 Masters. He hit a three-iron out of the woods, put a wedge on the green and stood over a 22-foot putt with a slightly different stance than the one he had used the day before. It was wider and more open, and it worked, for the ball went in.

With that, the deluge was on. Par, birdie, par, birdie, birdie, birdie, par for an outgoing 31. At each tee he was greeted with thundering applause. ("I hope it doesn't wake him up," said his wife Barbara on the 9th hole.)

Though Jack did not know it, it was his birdie on the 7th hole that caused his biggest foe double trouble, for it came as Arnold Palmer was about to hit a pitch shot to the 2nd green. Palmer already knew that Jack had suddenly got-

ten three strokes ahead. Now came the roar from 7, which adjoins the 2nd hole. "It shook me," said Arnold later. "I started pressing. It was the turning point."

Still, it is doubtful that anything Arnold Palmer could have done would have stopped Jack Nicklaus, who was now making more of a rout of the Masters than Palmer had in his hottest year.

When Jack sank an eight-foot putt on the 16th hole for his eighth birdie of the afternoon, he needed only two pars to tie the 64 that Lloyd Mangrum shot in 1940. He was now 14 strokes under par for the tournament, which quite obviously put Hogan's record within easy reach. At that point, his nearest pursuer, Player, was seven strokes to the rear. Palmer, who was still struggling with his bulky putter, was back even farther.

As it turned out, Nicklaus tucked away his final two pars to equal the 18-hole record, and Player, thanks to birdies on the two par-5 holes on the back nine, pulled to within five strokes of him with an excellent 69. Palmer's shaky 72 left him trailing by eight strokes and out of contention.

Strangely enough, Nicklaus was not at the very top of his form during this

*continued on page 113*

old days—and usually picked Walter Hagen.

"Got to keep my man straight from tee to green," said Iron Man before the Masters began. He was standing in his white coveralls and green cap and white tennis shoes by the putting green while Palmer practiced. In Augusta people know Iron Man, and they gather around him to peek into Palmer's bag and ask how well the man is playing.

Several young boys surrounded Iron Man and stared up his thin, sloping body, at the fuzz of a goatee on his chin and into his solemn eyes. Iron Man, who is only 27 but appears much older, tried to ignore the boys, but they persisted in asking questions. How's his putting? Did Iron Man ever help him select the proper clubs?

"What you think I do?" said Iron Man, offended. "Jes' tote the bag?"

The questions continued and finally Iron Man had enough. "Man, I got to concentrate," he said. "I ain't got time to talk. We got to get out there and get after it."

A good caddy understands his man the way a groom understands his Thoroughbred. He not only knows the distance his player has in every club, he knows the way his golfer likes the wind to blow, a pin to be

positioned, a putt to break and when he wants to be spoken to. Iron Man Avery knows Arnold Palmer because last week he was carrying Arnold's bag for the 11th time at Augusta, having started when he was only 16 and Palmer was a rookie pro.

"Most caddies on the tour are real quiet," Palmer explained, "but Iron Man and I have been together for so long that we kid around a little."

In 1964, a happier year when Arnold won his fourth Masters, there was a moment in the final round when Palmer missed a short putt and gave hope to his foes. Going to the next tee, Iron Man said, "Boss, you ain't chokin', are you?"

Palmer enjoys repeating this story because Iron Man has become a major celebrity at Augusta and likes to see his name in the papers. "This year," Palmer said, "I had a new plan for Iron Man. I told him not to say anything to me out on the course except, yes sir, whenever I asked him if I had the right club. Well, on Thursday and Friday he said no three times. He was wrong all three."

Iron Man did not think this was very funny, and Saturday was even less humorous. That was the day the Masters ended early

with Jack Nicklaus shooting his 64 and taking a huge eight-stroke lead over Palmer. Iron Man was crestfallen because 1) he could not believe Palmer could play so well and not score better and 2) he could not believe the weather had permitted such low scoring by his man's adversaries.

"My man ain't give me none of these," said Iron Man, demonstrating the direction of a wild slice with his hand. "We done cold hit it straight, but we ain't found the hole. We hit all those greens, but we got five three-putts so far, man. What we need is some wind to shut off these birdies." Nothing shut off the Nicklaus birdies. Sunday night Iron Man offered his last quote on Nicklaus and the 1965 Masters: "That man not real."

It will be a long summer and fall for Iron Man. He will caddy at the club until it closes in mid-May, he will try and win the course's caddy championship for the fourth time, he will work again with the maintenance crew and then start caddying in October when the course opens. All that time he will be thinking about Palmer and 1966—one of those even years when the paycheck is bigger.

—DAN JENKINS



## SKIP, SKIP, SKIP—AND THWACK!

*That's the way it was all the way from Florida to the Bahamas as Sports Illustrated's boating writer (above, right) helped Offshore Racer Howard Weiler drive an outboard to his third Miami-Nassau victory* **by HUGH WHALL**

When I said that I was riding copilot with Howard Weiler in his little outboard Wildcat, some of the other drivers in the Miami-Nassau race gave me the kind of look generally reserved for addicts of Russian roulette. "Going with Weiler?" said the pilot of one huge inboard noncommittally. "Well, good luck." But Dick Bertram, an offshore powerboat veteran if there ever was one, offered me a grain of comfort: "There are some drivers in this race I wouldn't want to go with," he said, "but I'd ride with Howard any day."

Big boats like Bertram's 36-foot *Bone Mappie*, Don Aronow's *Donris* and Jim Wynne's new *Martini* grab most of the headlines in the annual Miami-Nassau powerboat race, but the boats and the crews that take the real beatings are the outboards. Weiler's North American S-22 with its twin Johnson 90-hp Golden Meteor II motors is only 22 feet long and getting her to Nassau would draw on every minute of her pilot's long experience in offshore racing. Weiler, a onetime paratrooper with the 11th Airborne, had driven boats like this in eight Nassau races. He had won two of them, but he spent the day before the race limping

about his lawn (he had just reinjured his back) making last minute checks on equipment and eating tranquilizers to calm himself down. "I always get this tight feeling," he said. Even though I had never ridden one of these seagoing bucking broncos at top speed across 185 miles of open ocean, I knew exactly what he meant.

The start, outside Miami's Government Cut, was scheduled for 7 a.m., but by the dawn's earliest light I was so tense I didn't know whether to stand up or sit down. Howard, of course, was hoping for a rough passage to test his boat and his skill. He told me we stood a much better chance of winning in bad weather. But all I could do was pray that the ocean would be as flat as possible. I also prayed that our Wildcat's two motors would get us across it to Nassau as quickly as possible.

At 6 a.m. we donned our foul-weather gear and put on life preservers and crash helmets. Then Weiler started the engines, and we joined the long train of 47 boats heading out of the harbor to Government Cut and the rising sun. It was a gentle kind of day and, as another outboard—one of our competitors—passed

us, Weiler spread his hands out flat and waved them to and fro. Then he threw them up in the air in sign language meaning "Flat calm, no good."

Once outside the Cut, we followed the starting boat while all around us big engines and little throbbled and whined in anticipation. Overhead, flying an unruly pattern that would paralyze a traffic controller, were helicopters, single and twin-engine planes and—wending its way through them all—the elephantine Goodyear blimp. At 6:45 Weiler was glancing at his watch with increased regularity. With our helmets acting as earplugs all communication between us was by hand signal. Weiler indicated that, since the weather was so calm, we would use the gas in the forward tank first to get the bow up in the air. He quickly unplugged the gas lines leading from the after tanks and connected in their place the clear plastic veins that ran from the forward tank.

Suddenly the race began. One second we were idling gently in the smoothly heaving water, the next Weiler had the throttles all the way down and we lifted quickly onto a plane. Up the line as far as we could see boats were running as if



chased by gunfire. We hit the first small roller and I thought, "Oh God, this is only the first minute. Can I stand maybe nine hours of this?" We landed hard again, and I figured I'd better find a way of cushioning the shocks. Skip, skip, skip, thwack! Skip, skip, skip, thwack! went the Wildcat. When she went thwack it felt as though my spine was trying to escape from my hide, carrying all my vital organs with it. But a pattern was forming, and after five minutes I learned to sit back and relax in the padded chair for the skip-skip-skip part, then use my legs and feet as shock absorbers for the thwack. Meanwhile, with one hand on the wheel and the other on the throttles, Weiler was taking the humps as effortlessly as a champion horseman posting in Madison Square Garden. I wondered what the Wildcat's motion must be like in rough weather, then decided such thoughts were not good to dwell on with so much ocean still to travel.

Halfway across the Gulf Stream a 27-footer named *Miss Pinky II* with three 100-hp Mercuries on her stern moved into view. Weiler slid over directly ahead of her, dashing her with spray. *Pinky* gave us as good as she got as she passed by. Beside *Pinky* and most of the other decked-over outboards, Weiler's looks open and bare, but it is the bareness of tight, functioning simplicity. "You've got to have a rig that holds together," Weiler told me. "That's why I like an open boat. You can see everything and catch it before it goes wrong."

With her foam-filled hull and rugged structure, the 22-foot Wildcat is a good 7 mph slower than many of the other outboards, but she is twice as durable. That's why Howard wanted rough seas. Even though we were making 45 mph as *Pink II* went by, we knew we must be trailing several others.

The race's first mark is Cat Cay, where the boats dart through the gap out of the blue, deep water of the Straits of Florida and into the clear aquamarine shallows of the Bahamas and Cat Cay Harbour itself. There each entry picks up, on the fly, a transire entry paper catapulted off the dock by the strong right arm of a customs official.

The confusion was great. One big boat, *Holocaust*, running second at the first check point, drove up on a sandbar at full speed after leaving the harbor. Jim Wynne's *Maritime* swung in to pick up the transire and ran right up on *Brave Mayne*'s stern. Littering the sand banks were other boats with sick engines or missing propellers. We swung in, swung out and at full speed headed for Sylvia Light, the next mark. Weiler made sharp little waves with his hands and pointed ahead, but the waves didn't materialize, and we rushed across the unruled water, the two Johnsons purring as though on a Sunday afternoon run.

Halfway to Sylvia, Weiler pointed at the forward fuel tank. He lifted a corner of his helmet and yelled, "Watch for bubbles. It's about time to switch." For 10 minutes I kept my eyes riveted on the plastic fuel lines, looking for the bubbles that would warn us the tank was running dry. The lines stayed strong and clear until we bounced off a little wave and a stream of bright bubbles appeared in the tubes. Weiler throttled back for the first time, and I thought he would stop while I uncoupled the old lines and plugged in the new. But I soon made a discovery. You don't stop in racing. I changed lines as quickly as I could. The engines didn't falter. Suddenly Weiler pointed ahead. There was *Miss Pinky* again, and we were catching her fast. One of her three engines had broken down, and she was limping along on two. As we passed her, Weiler crossed his fingers and I put my hands together in supplication. Even though the big boats were ahead we began to feel we stood a chance, despite the calm weather.

Beneath us in the clear water we ran for Northwest Light the clear white

sand raced by, punctuated by dark heads of coral. We began to worry now, not so much about the competition but the engines. All morning we had passed boats full of the most expensive, powerful machinery, broken down and silent. Once we saw a yellow boat with a huge cloud of smoke over her. It turned out to be *Frasari*, owned by Max Atken and driven by Tommy Sopwith. A track of perspective made her look as though she were sinking. Weiler stuck his thumb down and headed over to see if we could help. But *Frasari* slowly turned, revealing her whole topsides. We could see that the smoke was coming from her exhausts. Weiler said, "Whew!" inside his helmet and we resumed course.

He zoomed into the tight turn at the Frasers Cay club and out again for the final run to Nassau. With every mile we covered the tension increased and the limping boats around us served to remind us that we still risked breaking down in the homestretch. My aching back was replaced by screaming nerves until we ran into the only real chop of the race, with Nassau only a few miles ahead. Instead of the skip, skip, skip, thwack, the motion changed to thwack, thwack, thwack. "Oh God," I said to myself, "just let these engines keep running." Into the north channel we raced, past the British Colonial and its bikinied beach, past the Prince George Dock and up to the finish line. Still going full tilt we came up to one of the big boats which had already finished. "Are we first outboard?" Weiler yelled, but the crew on the other boat didn't understand.

Four hours thirty-nine minutes and five seconds after leaving Miami, we crossed the line off the Nassau Yacht Club. A small boatload of photographers attached itself to us as Weiler throttled back for the first time. Weiler took his helmet off and yelled again, "Who was first outboard?" "You are!" they answered, and we shook hands.

It had been a flawless race for us; the engines had purred along quietly, the navigation put us right on every mark and only at the start and finish had there been any sort of punishment—and that was slight. Weiler steered the Wildcat into her berth and threw the starboard engine into reverse. Nothing happened. The engine ran but the propeller didn't. A critical pin had dropped out making the propeller useless. "Whew?" said Weiler. "Whew!" said I. **END**

# THE SHARK RAN INTO A TIGER

*Bill Daly schemed masterfully for his fighter, Carlos Ortiz, but both were overmatched in Panama City, a red-hot fight town where local hero Ismael Laguna. El Tigre, clawed his way to the lightweight title* by **MARK KRAM**

Many of them had come from far away, the interior, the bush country, every town in Panama, and they sat there, bare from the waist up, burning in the noon sun. Above, a flock of buzzards circled. The buzzards, like the empty ring in the center of the stadium, seemed to have a hypnotic effect on the people. Sitting in large, scattered pockets, they stared either up or down. Now and then a hand waving a chicken leg jerked up and pointed to the lazily drifting birds. One man waited something unintelligible, and his friends broke up with laughter and then yelled. "Si, si, si,

Laguna, Laguna, Laguna." Occasionally an excited Panamanian stood up and threw a combination of punches. Seeing this, a brave few screamed back, "Ortiz, Ortiz, Ortiz."

A couple of hours before sundown the bands arrived, and the people danced in the stands to the music and drank beer, growing more festive as daylight hid. At 10 p.m. last Saturday in Panama City, after sitting nearly 10 hours in a dismal, steaming lot called Olympic Stadium, they were primed for what they had waited months to see. El Tigre, Ismael Laguna, challenging Carlos Ortiz

for the world lightweight championship.

Panamanians dearly love a fight, but a fight with Ismael Laguna in it is almost unbearably stimulating. Not since Panama Al Brown, the bantamweight champion back in the '30s, a diamond-bedazzled dandy who eventually was destroyed by civilization, has there been a man like Laguna in the Republic.

At 22 Laguna already is a legend, and everywhere you go the young and the old talk about him. "He ees as fast as lightning," they will tell you. "He ees Pepée [Wahoo Pep] and Sugar Ray all een one. He weel be the greatest fighter

*At hotel poolside during rare relaxed moment before fight, Ortiz (second from right) enforces cigar ban on Manager Bill Daly and friends.*



who ever leaved." The Panamanians do not end it there. They go on to relate impressive facts. Laguna has inflicted cuts on 38 out of 40 opposing fighters. He has knocked out 25 opponents in his 40 fights, and, too, "he has never bled from three mouth or three nose."

Laguna grew up in the bush country, one of 12 children. His father was a politician who always managed to be on the losing side in elections and political battles. One day, when he was 14 years old, Ismael walked into a bar in Colon, 38 miles from Panama City, and told the owner, Isaac Kresch, he wanted to be a fighter. Kresch, a Jewish Panamanian who still manages Laguna, agreed to give him three meals a day. Laguna expressed his appreciation in the ring, but at least once he became disenchanted with Kresch. The late Davey Moore, looking for an easy payday, wired Kresch he would defend his title against Laguna, who at the time was 18 years old. Kresch turned down the match, and then implied that Moore needed help—mentally. Laguna did not think so. Upon hear-

ing that Kresch had ignored Moore's offer, he walked in and dropped his manager with a right. This is surprising, because Laguna is a quiet, pleasant sort. "Yes, he eas," said Kresch. "He do not have one bad habit." This, too, is somewhat surprising, because in Colon, where Laguna now lives, anything goes. Just a few weeks ago a man was killed during an argument over a penny in a crap game. "I don't bother with that kind of stuff," said Laguna the day before the Ortiz fight. "I ween the title and I weel buy a yacht and join the yacht club." As he said this, Laguna seemed inordinately confident and relaxed.

Carlos Ortiz, the 28-year-old champion from New York, was quite the opposite. Ortiz was tense and cranky all week. Now and then he would joke, or gently needle his trainer, Teddy Benham, in a high-pitched voice, but for the most part he was a grim individual. The atmosphere in Panama was responsible for his mood. Every day 2,000 people would turn out in a fetid downtown gymnasium to watch him work. They

grabbed him and jostled him when he tried to get into the gym. When he was in the ring they screamed obscenities, and they threw things at him. Finally it reached the point where Ortiz, when walking from the dressing room to the ring, had national guardsmen on each side of him (the guardsmen, impeccably dressed and quick with their clubs, act as Panama's police force). Restrained physically, the spectators concentrated on spitting vitriol. "You gonna die, Ortiz," they screamed. "El Tigre gonna keel you. You gonna die, you boomer [bum]." Riding back from the gymnasium one day, Ortiz said, "If they act like this now, what are they going to do when I knock this creep out after two rounds?"

Another reason for Ortiz' black disposition was his profound hatred of training. At one time he was invigorated by the routine but now, after a year's layoff, it had become irritating, especially so in the enervating heat of Panama. Abstaining from the pleasures of life seemed almost unbearable for Ortiz. He wanted everyone to suffer with him in Panama.

The flashy Laguna: a nifty fighter throughout the 15-round bout, whips a left to the piddling Ortiz' cheek as Referee Joe Walcott watches.



His manager, Bill Daly, had to give up cigars, and then drinking, that is, drinking in front of Ortiz. "We will find some more things for you to give up, Bill," Ortiz said, laughing. Daly laughed, too, but he knew Ortiz was serious.

This was only a minor problem for Daly, who had other, weightier matters on his mind. When he decided to accept an offer for Ortiz to defend his title in Panama, many people were of the opinion that Daly had become senile. Even the Panamanians were stunned. The Panama boxing officials and promoters secretly believed they had a "feesh" on the line. What other explanation could there be?

Obviously, the Panamanians were not familiar with Daly's reputation. They were given a hint of what was to come when Daly pulled out of the originally scheduled date in February. Ortiz had been training for over a week in Panama City. Then, suddenly, Daly notified the Panama Boxing Commission that the bout could not be held. Ortiz was sick, he said. The boxing commission, the brewery that was promoting the fight and all of Panama went berserk. Five medical specialists were assigned to Ortiz, and the fighter was put through every test imaginable. The brewery officials said, "Aw, good old Beel, he weel be all right. Let him rest for another week, and then he can fight." At that suggestion Daly flung a chair at one of the officials. Calming down, he said, "I'm taking my boy home so he can rest up. We will return." The general manager of the brewery refused to believe him. "You are not Douglas MacArthur, Señor Daly," he said.

He is not, of course, but after encountering considerable harassment Daly and company did leave, and did return. The unverified rumor was that Ortiz was not in shape, and Daly had decided to take him home to New York for some concentrated work. Daly, his critics contended, had made another of his famous moves.

When Daly returned with Ortiz, he taught the Panamanians a lesson in boxing diplomacy they will not soon forget. The brewery did everything to please him. Having signed to promote Laguna's next 10 fights, it desperately wanted the title in Panama. A native champion would not hurt its advertising a bit. Daly knew this, and he made the brewers squirm. He had everything his way ex-

cept for one vital point, the Panama Boxing Commission insisted that its doctor would make the ultimate decision on whether or not to stop the fight. "I don't want that guy hopping in and out of the ring all night bothering my fighter," said Daly. "If he does, I'll kick him in his teeth." The commission would not yield. For three hours the night before the fight the two factions argued



Panamanian national guardsmen protected Ortiz from vitriolic fans even during workouts.

bitterly. Finally Daly emerged victorious. Jersey Joe Walcott, the referee, would decide, if he had to, when one of the fighters had had enough.

"Whew!" said one of Daly's aides after coming down from the meeting. "Up until 20 minutes ago there wasn't going to be a fight." Daly was not through. He measured the ring, inspected the canvas and the ropes and, in short, had the Panamanians talking to themselves. He was no longer "good old Beel" to them, he was "Meester Daly." They no longer had a "feesh" on the line, they had a shark.

In the midst of this intrigue Daly was suspicious of everybody. He insisted there were Panamanian spies shadowing him and his fighter everywhere they went. But, watching Daly and his brain trust relax around their hotel, you got the idea that they had not enjoyed themselves so much in years. Even a

stranger could tell they were boxing people. Their faces were pallid, and in the absence of Ortiz they smoked cigars and sipped tall, cool drinks. Daly dominated the picture. He has a face and a build somewhat like W. C. Fields and the same sort of grandiose gestures.

Around the pool and on the balcony of a hotel room facing the ocean, the mood of the boxing people was always nostalgic. They talked of Doc Kearns and the way he sacked Shelby, Mont., and they regretted that he could not be there with them in Panama, because he would have loved this situation. It was made for the doctor, they agreed. Others talked about the state of boxing, and every now and then someone would nominate Joe Walcott for National Boxing Commissioner. There is no such post, but Joe would make a good one, everybody agreed. Walcott merely answered, "I thank you kindly."

It was all fine and easy, but there was an undercurrent of tension that would not go away. Daly constantly noted the fact that Laguna had cut 38 of 40 fighters. "A guy just don't cut that many fighters," he said. "I'm gonna keep a tail on him in his corner all night. They're liable to pull anything down here."

"Why you worry, Meester Daly?" a voodoo doctor asked him one night. "I hex Laguna for you. He no win."

The voodoo doctor was in a pronounced minority. Most of the big money, bet by those who had come from the States, was on Ortiz. (Two men from Puerto Rico had bet \$10,000 to win \$6,000.) But Panamanians were almost to a man behind Laguna, with their mouths and their money. Right up to the opening bell, they flitted through the stadium, waving currency in their hands and screaming: "Laguna, Laguna, Laguna!" Laguna was a 7-to-5 favorite when he and Ortiz entered the ring.

The scene at fight time was, simply, astonishing. Hundreds of national guardsmen armed with tear gas and carrying clubs were deployed throughout the stands. The 20,000 spectators, who paid from \$5 to \$50 for their tickets, shot off firecrackers and played bongo drums. When Laguna climbed into the ring, and then demonstrated his quick moves, his exquisite flash, they bellowed so loud and so long that the whole stadium seemed to vibrate.

For the first eight rounds the fight

*continued*

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was just about even. Laguna was all that everyone said he was. His every move was a picture of speed and flawless timing. Ortiz, though staying close, looked far off his form, and Laguna's speed appeared to baffle him. Several times he sent shots to Laguna's head, but if they landed with any authority at all Laguna seemed unimpressed. The fact was that Ortiz, who put on five pounds directly after weighing in, must have had to struggle hard to make the 135-pound weight. He had heavy hands, and many of his punches were just thumps.

Laguna did not tire, and he steadily pulled away from Ortiz in the final rounds. Walcott scored the fight 143 to 142 for Laguna, but even Joe smiled later and said that he had been generous to Ortiz. Ben Green, a judge from New York, ruled it a draw. Upon hearing Green's decision, the spectators jumped out of their seats and screamed in sheer frustration. "What's that guy trying to do?" asked one observer. "Trying to see if these guardsmen are as efficient as everybody says they are?" Fortunately for those who sat at ringside with unprotected heads, the Panamanian judge gave the fight to Laguna. Had a riot occurred, it would have been one of the great ones of all time.

"The kid can fight," Daly said later of Laguna. "Ortiz tired. I don't know why he tired. He didn't show any signs in the gym that this would happen."

"I've never seen a man fight a gamer fight in my life," said Walcott. "From the very beginning Ortiz did not have a thing going for him. He was in there on pure courage. Carlos had nothing."

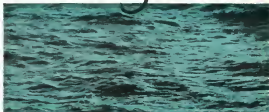
Others pondered the possibility that Ortiz, who had held the title for four years and has been recognized by many as the finest lighter around, may not have the desire to win anymore. "If he doesn't," said a close friend of Ortiz, "it is because he does not want to have it anymore."

Laguna, sitting quietly in his dressing room, was hardly ruffled by all the excitement. "I told you," he said. "I will buy my yacht now."

And in the narrow streets, as night crawled toward morning, the people danced and sang and chanted, "Laguna, Laguna, Laguna!" "It feel good," said one. "We have El Campeón." Nobody asked the Panamanian promoters how it felt to reel in a shark.

END

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# I LOVE THE GAME, BABY... BUT IT CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY

by WILT CHAMBERLAIN with BOB OTTUM

Because of his pride in the sport and his own contributions to it, Chamberlain proposes remedies for the flaws he feels are ruining pro basketball and answers the critics who say he has always been a loser

**D**o some of you cats out there sometimes get the idea that professional basketball is a wild, unending thing that just goes on and on and on? I mean, here it is, coming up green and spring—baseball is swinging and golf is starting—and guess who is still playing basketball? Uh huh. I know just how you feel. This has been a long, long year for me, too. Here I am again, in the finals for the Eastern Division NBA title. Once again, facing my old friend Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics. If we win this one, fine. If we lose this one I know already what a lot of people are going to say, because I've heard it all before, you know?

A lot of people will say 1) old Wilt is a loser. He was an All-America at Kansas, and they didn't win. He was an all-everything in the pros, and *they* didn't win, either. Some others will say, 2) maybe if Wilt wasn't such a close personal friend of Russell's he would beat him out there on the floor. And, finally, some are going to say, 3) well, I wonder if old Wilt is going to retire now. Those are all comments that deserve honest answers, and I'll answer them in one-two-three order. Why hide anything? Baby, I'm too big to hide.

You know, most celebrities—movie stars, TV stars and maybe even Khrushchev—have got this secret thing going for them. They can always do *something*, put on dark glasses or paste on a moustache and blend into the crowd and get a little privacy. It must be great to do that. Like little old Frank Sinatra. He can take off that pretend haircut and suddenly—snick! He's *incognito*, man. Then he can wander all over Hollywood or New York City and hit all the real swinging spots and nobody knows him from Irving Giotz. But what can you do when you're as big as me?

I was in a very George New York shop last week trying to buy a new hat, and a guy came strolling by the window outside and he glanced in and saw me and he stopped cold. He did a double take. Then he walked away, and I was trying on another hat and I glanced in the mirror and here was this guy coming by again, staring at me. Then he did it once more, and he seemed to get madder and madder. Finally, on the fourth time around, he walked right into the store and up to me "Listen, buddy," he shouted, "are you *kiddding* me?" Now, man, that's not the way life should be.

But that's the way a lot of people are.

Sometimes I feel like a guy not exactly living—but being *chased* through life, you know?

What is it with people, anyway? Oh, man, you take someone who is ordinarily very polite and wouldn't dream of—what do you say?—*accosting* anybody on the street. They respect their fellow man and like that. But they see someone extra big, and somehow all politeness bets are off, you know? And they seem to think nothing of just grabbing me, or walking right up and breaking into a conversation. Or, if I'm eating, just standing there and watching me eat. I think maybe they regard somebody unusual as a sort of *public* property. And if I don't right away treat them like the greatest little buddy in the whole world they say, "Man, how about that Wilt. Is he ever stuck up?" If I don't answer all their personal questions, I'm some kind of lunk. "Hey, boy," they say in that condescending way, "what are you? A basketball player or something like that?" Or, what is worse, they say: "Hey, you. Stand right over here for a minute. I want to have my picture taken with you. Man, the folks back home won't

*continued*

HIS FACE REFLECTING THE JOY OF BATTLE, CHAMBERLAIN DUNKS THE BALL DESPITE EFFORTS OF A HAPLESS CINCINNATI DEFENDER

never believe *this*." And I'm supposed to stand there and smile like I'm some big, woolly pet. In the old days, when I was younger, it was sort of fun. Now it's too much, man.

There are days when it all makes me pretty sad and lonely. I stand on the balcony of my New York apartment and look down at all the *normal* cats and their girl friends, maybe just walking hand in hand along the edge of Central Park and, you know, just sort of *living*. I wonder how it would be for me.

Maybe I'm a lot like most of you. I mean, you white-collar people who can't want to get home and change into blue jeans and hoe that hot-damn garden. Or whatever it is you people hope. I'd like a shot at the good life, too. You know, maybe cruise around a little bit in my Bentley with the top down and whistle at girls. Maybe even get engaged and married. Raise a family and sit around at night and watch *The Mow from U.N.C.L.E.* and even get a little fat. I mean, what the hell.

What I'm giving you here is back-ground. I'm bringing you up to date, up to this very minute. I retired once from the pros—March 25, 1960—and now there's talk all around that I'll retire again. That is, talk from everybody but me. And I'm being careful not to say anything definite yet. I don't want to sound like a monster—what was her name?—a monster Sarah Bernhardt making her farewell tour. You follow me?

Take like Richman, my friend, my attorney and a co-owner of the 76ers, my team. He suspects—suspects, hell, he's *sure* of it—that I haven't got that *killer* instinct for basketball. In a way, I suppose he may be right. I love the game—the *pure* game, properly played. Man, even all those elbows in the ribs and all the knee, fanny and knuckle work under the basket are part of the game. But not a lot of the interleague song and dance that goes with it.

I or me, the pressures all started years ago. It seems like a hundred.

First it was this thing about going to the University of Kansas. I had basketball scholarship offers from—got this—200 colleges. You hear a lot about this sort of thing nowadays—colleges getting after prep stars—and maybe the figure sometimes should be more like 20 than 200. But I promise you I got 200. I've still got them jammed into a trunk somewhere among my souvenirs. Man, the

ironic thing is that some of the offers were standard form letters from lily-white southern schools where they would have absolutely choked if a big colored boy came walking in and said, "Hey, Big Daddy, I'm Wilt Chamberlain and I'm here to play center for you." But I had scored 2,252 points in three years at Overbrook High School in Philadelphia, and before that I had been a YMCA All-America. I was generally considered the hottest college prospect in the country. That's what made things so tough.

When I signed on at Kansas a lot of people went a little overboard on the dramatics, you know? "Man, those Kansas alums must really be paying off old Wilt," a lot of people said. The average guess was something like \$30,000. The Internal Revenue Service got very interested—they didn't even let me graduate from high school before they were on top of me. And no matter how many times I explained it, the interviewers would say, "Yes sir. That's sure a good story, Wilt. But we don't believe a word you say." Now, how's *that* for a way to treat a young high school kid? Sometimes I think they had my sweat socks hugged trying to catch me in a lie.

I suppose it would make a better rag-to-something story, maybe, if I could tell you that I was raised in those cotton fields away and some coach found me barefoot outside a hackwater one-room Georgia schoolhouse. Actually, we were a pretty fine Philadelphia family, my six sisters, my two brothers and me. My dad was making about \$60 a week as a handyman, and my mom worked now and then as a domestic. We got by just fine. My dad—he's about 5 feet 8½—was a hoving nut in those days, and he knew everything about it. Mention basketball to him and he'd say, "Basket—hmh!" But we all had a kind of *feeling* for sports around the house. And I was fast long before I was tall.

As early as the third grade at Brooks Elementary School I was running in track and playing football. In the fourth grade in 1946 I made the Penn Relays—one of the first times any sports event was ever telecast live. I ran the anchor spot on the 300-yard shuttle, and my teammates were all sixth graders. It was quite a big honor.

Then I began to grow. Man, I mean *grow*. One summer before junior high school I grew four inches over the vacation on my uncle's farm in Virginia, and

I came back to Philadelphia about 6 feet tall and a big jumble of wristbones and long legs. My mother refused to believe it. "You're not my boy," she said.

I always wanted to be a big track man. I mean, I could jump 6 feet 7 and throw that crazy shot five or 10 feet farther than anyone else, and run 440 in 49. In time, I got to match Rafer Johnson on almost all the things he did—but basketball kept getting in the way.

How does it all start? Man, there wasn't any other course to take. I was the biggest hot-damn seventh-grader you ever saw, and stronger than anybody. The smart kids started razzing me in gym class about being a goon, and there you go—I decided to become the best basketball player in the whole world. I started following the good shooters around to see how they did it. Then I'd go down to the playground and imitate it. My buddies and I spent hours and hours on basic things like tap-ins. They'd shoot deliberately crooked, and I would bound up and whap the ball into the hoop. Then we graduated to jump shots, to court play and strategy. We began playing all over town. I was in the same summer league as Tom Gola and Paul Arizin. I played for the Police Athletic League, and when I wasn't playing there I played for the YMCA, and when I wasn't playing there I played for Vine Memorial Church—and when I wasn't playing there I just sort of played basketball. It got to the point where I was dragging home at all hours but, baby, I was *learning* the game.

Then, in 1953, our YMCA team beat everybody all around and won the U.S. title at High Point, N.C., and I was named a Y All-America. Now, man, if you were a college in those days and sort of looking all around the country for a big center and if you turned up this high school in Pennsylvania where they were averaging 120 points a game, you'd take another look, wouldn't you? So people began to come around and look. Whoa—err, we were wheeling and dealing *then*. I had grown up to 6 feet 10½, and then to 6 feet 11½ inches. Old Overbrook won the All-Public title three years running, and the All-City title two out of three years—how's that for a loser? Man, my *funker* almost grew an inch.

I was in that come-and-get-me college mood then. I was bellhopping and playing basketball during the summer on the borscht circuit—and the offers started

to roll in Red Auerbach of the Celtics, who was coaching at Kutsher's Country Club where I played, wanted me to go to Harvard. He was figuring on a territorial draft, you know? But I never could get a mental picture of myself in those white buck shoes and an Ivy League haircut, and I never really took the Harvard thing seriously. Then there was another development.

B. H. Born, that good Kansas All-America I had held to a few points in one game at Kutsher's, had written to Kansas about me. He had said something like, "Hey, check this one. He's a corner." And I was later approached by Kansas and Dr. Forrest (Phog) Allen, that marvelous old coach. Then it began to get tough.

Back in Philadelphia the federal investigators called me into their office and said, "All right. Tell us about all these money offers you're getting." And I said: "Man, what money? I'm still in high school." And the NCAA—now, there is a ring-a-ding outfit—the NCAA wrote me and asked me to write them and list any illegal offers of money beyond regulation scholarships and stipends. I didn't answer any of the letters. And looking back on it now, I get a little irritated. I mean, exactly what does the NCAA offer a college, anyway, except the chance to play in a tournament and win a title of the same name? What's the purpose of the NCAA watchdog service? To keep some schools from putting together a good team? I don't follow all their prying tactics. Let me put it another way: suppose there wasn't an NCAA, are you with me? Then would recruiting basketball players be any different than it is today? Of course it wouldn't. But if there wasn't an NCAA, then I suppose somebody like the AAU would step in and set up a fuss. You know, that old Whiz is really a pro because he got \$5,000 for going to Podunk. Man, when it all comes down to the basics, the only people who have got a serious angle in all this are the men from Internal Revenue. They're interested in somebody holding out on tax dollars, baby.

But even with all the tugging and pulling I began visiting colleges. And how's this for how naive I was—I went out to Dayton, and how was I to know there was a segregation thing there? Man, we didn't have any of that jazz in my home town. So they met me at the airport and put me up in a hotel and said, "Well,



TOKEN OF THE SPORT'S SUMMIT RIVALRY IS A TIP-OFF BETWEEN WILT AND RUSSELL

Wilt, you can have the luxury of ordering all your meals right here in your room. Isn't that grand?" So I scratched Dayton.

Then I was standing in another airport terminal one day and an alum tried to sign me up for Missouri.

"There aren't any Negro basketball players there, are there?" I said.

"No. Just think, son, you can be the very first," he told me.

"Man, you get someone else to be the very first," I told him, "and I'll be the very second." Scratch Missouri.

One of the old grads from Dayton called me back. It was all—mmm, all very unofficial, he said, but come on down for a visit and bring the folks. And would my dad like a job right near the campus? You know, he wouldn't have to do very much, and the pay would be very big. And, Wilt, we'll—uhhh, we'll make sure that you have plenty of spending money, know what I mean, kid? We know that a boy likes to have

spending money in college. Yes sirc.

Meanwhile I was getting to like more and more the idea of going to Kansas. I went out and visited the place and met Dr. Allen and Dr. Franklin Murphy, the chancellor. And everybody, for once, leveled with me. I could have a full scholarship, Dr. Murphy explained, and they would see that I got a \$15-a-month job. And that was it, you believe it or not. Dr. Allen didn't kid me. He was sitting on the retirement age, but he figured that if he brought me in he could stay on as coach and we would make beautiful basketball music together, you know? Dr. Allen wanted to go out a winner, and I wanted to come in that way. Later, his request for an extension was denied, and they took him out of the field house sort of kicking and screaming.

So I announced that I was going to Kansas, and the story came out in all the papers. And then I got my biggest under-the-table offer. This one came

continued on page 118

## **BASEBALL 1965**

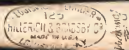


# **IMMUTABLE BUT CHANGING**

***Baseball is back and everything is exactly the way it always has been—except for a glass dome and a lame duck and some rather plump bats*** **BY WILLIAM LEGGETT**

"Baseball is a game of inches. The minute he hit it I knew it was gone. Over the long haul the breaks have a tendency to even out. Pitching is still the name of the game. You can't steal first base. It's a trade that should help both clubs. We're going to keep right on playing them one at a time. Our attendance would have been much higher, but we had a rainy spring. He still has trouble with the breaking pitch. Over the last two months we had the best record in the league. The players today just aren't as colorful as they used to be. The team that could win it all is the team with the fewest injuries. They'll go as far as their pitching will take them. Please enclose 25¢ extra for postage and handling. The only thing wrong with baseball is the people who run it. In this game every game is a big game."

Baseball, thank goodness, remains a game of honest, immutable clichés; a game of magnificent and significant rituals; a game that promotes endless arguments and comparisons and almost passionate loyalties. This week major league baseball begins again, with all its grace and faults and pitcher's promises, but this time it seems to offer a little more to look forward to than usual and quite a bit more for passionate loyalists to worry about. Will Sandy Koufax be able to pitch well enough often enough? Can



Whitey Ford possibly do as well as he did last year? What about Mantle's legs, Aaron's ankle, Freehan's back, Clemente's thigh, Hunt's finger and what about the back-to-back back injuries to Wine and Amaro?

Can you possibly imagine a season in which the Mets might move up while the Yankees move down, in which Dick Stuart and Bo Belinsky play in the same town on the same team and in which, at long last, knishes will be served in the Baltimore ball park? Can you imagine a ninth-place team like Houston having \$3 million in ticket sales in the bank before the first pitch is thrown and a \$31 million greenhouse to throw that first pitch in? How about the lame ducks? How many will come out to see the Milanta-Atwaukee Braves this year, and what will the Angels draw in Chavez Ravine before they flee attendance-poor (for them) Los Angeles to attendance-rich (they hope) Anaheim? Where is Anaheim?

On the 43 pages beginning with page 52 are detailed scouting reports on all 20 major league teams. They indicate that the St. Louis Cardinals, seemingly strengthened over the winter, will become the first team in eight years to repeat as National League champions. They imply something else, too—that the American League is now closing in on the National in overall balance and that it is no longer correct to think of it in terms of the New York Yankees rampant upon a field of mudguts. The reports say that Manager Al Lopez and his Chicago White Sox will take the Yankees this year. If that sounds like an old, tired story, remember, Captain Ahab finally did catch that white whale (even though he lost the Series).

Beyond the ups and downs and hithers and thithers of teams, one trend seems certain to assert itself early this year. The hitters are going to heavier bats, and the thin-handled "buggy whips" that have been so popular for the last decade or so appear to be on the way out. Three years ago the average weight of bats ordered by major-leaguers

from Hillerich & Bradsky, the Louisville bat manufacturers, was only 31 ounces. This year the average weight moved up to 33 ounces. More significantly—since ballplayers are as fad-conscious as teen-agers—the big hitters are leading the way. Henry Aaron of the Braves is switching from a 30-ounce bat to the thicker-handled 33-ounce model pictured above. Willie Mays, Tony Oliva, Mickey Mantle and Eddie Mathews have ordered heavier bats, too. Orlando Cepeda and Roberto Clemente, two of the most consistent high-average hitters in the majors, are keeping the same heavy models (39 ounces for Cepeda, 36 for Clemente) that have worked so well for them in the past.

The swing to heavier bats is apparently an indication that "intelligent" hitting is coming back into baseball. When a player uses a heavier bat it means ordinarily that he is trying to cut down on his swing and that he is going for singles and doubles rather than home runs. The theory was that light bats were easier to hit home runs with—which is true. But everybody took up light bats and everybody hit home runs, so much so that the once climactic baseball hit degenerated, despite the manufactured excitement of Veeckian scoreboards, into a ho-hum affair. Last season it may have reached its ultimate—or nadir—when Felix Mantilla, a lightly regarded career utility man, hit 30 home runs for the Red Sox. Felix had hit only 35 in all his eight previous major league seasons, and when he can hit 30 in one season, even if 19 of them were over Boston's short left-field wall, then the home run is no longer an impressive thing, not in publicity, not in salary talks, not in any way. The Minnesota Twins hit 221 home runs and yet finished a snug sixth, partly because of a terrible infield and a less than perfect pitching staff but also because the Twins seemed incapable of hitting a ball to the right side when there was a runner on second base. Harmon Killebrew, for instance, hit 49 home runs but he left 148 base runners stranded on second and third. The base runners that the Twins could

*continued*

not advance piecemeal from second base to third and on across home plate may be the reason why Minnesota lost 38 one-run games, most in the league, why they won only seven of 21 extra-inning games and why they finished sixth instead of first.

Dick Seiler, forthright manager of the Cincinnati Reds, said, "We lost the damn pennant last year because we didn't hit intelligently. We had it won, and then we got shut out twice. Just one intelligently hit ball in any of several different situations would have won the pennant for us. We had six runners reach third base with less than two outs in that 16-inning game with the Pirates the last week of the season and we couldn't produce a damn fly ball to score one of those runners. We got beat 1-0, and no 1-0 game in all the years I have been in baseball was ever more frustrating. This year we have worked and worked at intelligent hitting. A simple ground ball to the right side with a runner on second base moves a runner closer to home and that's what players are supposed to do, not swing from their tails and go for a homer."

"It's hard to explain that to some players," said Al Lopez. "They think

the harder a pitcher throws, the harder they should swing. But that trend may be changing. Guys like Johnny Callison of the Phillies may set the pace. Callison has gone to a 40-ounce hat, and he chokes up a couple of inches on the handle. He told me he's hitting the ball so well it scares him."

Harry Walker, the new manager of the Pirates and a serious student of hitting, said, "The new parks are going to force the hitters to change. It seems as though every city is building a new ball park, and the trend is toward big ones, like Dodger Stadium. The big parks won't hurt the real power hitters, like Aaron and Mays and Mantle, but the little fellows who hit 15 or so and bat .260 might drop to three or four a season. Then they'll have to learn to poke out more base hits if they want to stick around."

Along with home run hitters looking for singles, and all the injuries, and the idea of the White Sox being favored over the Yanks, there are a few other things you must get straight in your mind as this season begins. 1) Howie Poller, who was the pitching coach of the World Champion Cardinals, is now the pitching coach of the Houston whatchamacallits,

and 2) Cot Deal, who was the pitching coach of the whatchamacallits, is now the pitching coach of the American League Champion Yankees, and 3) Joe Becker, who was the pitching coach of the World Champion Dodgers in 1963, is now the pitching coach of the Cardinals, and 4) Johnny Sain, who was the pitching coach of the World Champion Yankees of 1962, is now the pitching coach of the Minnesota Twins, and 5) Alvin Dark, who managed the San Francisco Giants in 1964, is now a coach with the Chicago Cubs, and 6) Red Schoendienst, who was a coach under Johnny Keane, is now the Cardinal manager, because 7) Keane went to the Yankees, while 8) Yogi Berra, who managed the Yankees to the pennant last year, is now a coach with the Mets, and 9) 'tis brillig, and the slithy toves do gyre and gimble in the wabe.

Thus the year begins. Make sure there's enough beer in the icebox, Harry. Better call the man and have him come in to check the vertical hold on the television. And when you send your check in for those tickets to the Fourth of July doubleheader, don't forget to add 25¢ extra for postage and handling. You can't win 'em all.

*Photographs by Marvin E. Newman*

## **A WEEK TO REMEMBER**

**St. Louis had waited 18 years for a pennant before the Cardinals fought their way to the National League championship last fall. Now, in October, the New York Yankees were coming to town for the World Series. St. Louisians camped on sidewalks to be in line for tickets and then, inside Busch Stadium, as the color photographs on the following pages show, had a glorious time cheering their heroes home. When it was over the Cardinals were world champions, and St. Louis had a triumph it would never forget.**







*Gleeful St. Louis fans raised banners and blew horns, while on the field Mickey*





*The crowd poured from the stands after the final out, engulfing St. Louis heroes like*



*Bob Gibson (left, with Gatcher McGarver) as they moved happily toward the dugout*





# CONVERSATION WITH GUSSIE BUSCH

As you may have heard, August A. (Gussie) Busch Jr. did not get all the good hopes last year. He did, however, have a baseball season and a business year the likes of which no owner may ever again know. His Anheuser-Busch brewery sold 10.3 million barrels, an alltime world record which, when reduced to business statistics, was at least two million barrels more than its closest competitor and, when reduced to advertising statistics, was enough beer to fill 6,600 swimming pools. His St. Louis Cardinals won their first pennant in 18 years and then beat the New York Yankees in the World Series. His star player, Ken Boyer (left, with *Booth at the Cardinals' victory party*), was named Most Valuable Player in the National League.

"On that final Sunday of last season in St. Louis," Gus Busch said not long ago while dressed in a flamboyant yellow sports jacket and his red Cardinal cap, "I was beside myself with excitement and frustration. All during the week the thing had become tremendous. One night we beat the Phils and then had to wait to hear how the game between the Pirates and Reds would come out. I remember sitting in the darkened ball park as the game was being broadcast and sweating out every pitch and every play. It was something like two hours after our game had ended when the Pirates finally scored in the 16th inning, and I was as happy as a child that we were in first place. But then we played the Mets in that final three-game series and they beat us Friday night 1-0 and really beat us [15-5] Saturday afternoon. On Sunday, when the Mets got ahead of us 3-2, I left my box seat and went up to the 'Redbird Roost' high up in the stands. It's my private club, and I walked around for a minute, and then ... well, to tell the truth, I kicked a hole right in the wall. And then we won. It was wonderful.

"When we [the Anheuser-Busch brewery] bought the Cardinals back in 1953

I didn't know an awful lot about baseball. I guess maybe I even leaned a little bit toward the Browns in my younger days, because they had George Sisler. There was a lot of talk in the early 1950s about moving the Cardinals out of St. Louis, and I guess we thought them partly as a civic gesture. Stan Musial and Red Schoendienst used to shoot ducks with me, and that probably helped influence me, too.

"A lot of people wonder if baseball is a business or a sport. Well, I'll say what I think. First of all, it is a great sport, and then it is a son of a son of a son of a gun of a business. I love it! I am thrilled with it! I am thrilled with the double play when it is perfectly made, when it is a tough one. But baseball can do other things to you, too. I remember the third game of last year's World Series, when Mackey Mantle hit the homer off Barney Schultz in the ninth inning to beat us 2-1. Barney had done a great job for us, and when Mantle hit that ball it broke my heart. Those are the things about baseball that come to mind.

"I consider this to be an important year for the Cardinals. We have a wonderful chance to win again, but the whole National League race is going to be a good battle. You can't discount anyone. This year we have the highest season-ticket sale in our history, and next year we are moving into our new 50,000-seat stadium in downtown St. Louis. What with the rent we'll be paying there and giving up the concessions we owned in the old ball park, we'll need 1.3 million in season attendance just to break even." (In the 12 seasons Anheuser-Busch has owned them the Cards have averaged a healthy 1,016,314 a year in the small, 30,500-capacity Busch Stadium.)

During his time with the Cardinals, August A. Busch has fired Eddie Stank, Harry Walker, Fred Hutchinson, Selly Hemus and Bing Devine, and he seemed to be close to firing Johnny Keane last year when the Cardinals were struggling.

Hutchinson once grew angry when Busch wanted a colorful rookie named Tom Alston to play first base instead of the player Hutchinson was playing there. "Mr. Busch," said Fred, "if you want a clown to play first base for you why don't you hire Emmett Kelly?" The Keane-Devine affair last season left Gussie, who is used to having egg in his beer, so to speak, with egg all over his face. Keane, who resigned after winning the World Series, was voted Manager of the Year, and the already-fired Devine, whose trade for Lou Brock was the key to the success of the Cardinals, was named Executive of the Year.

Today Busch does not care to discuss those elements of last season, and by his silence he seems to admit that he may have been wrong. He has been wrong before; he admits that he was once guilty of a huge blunder in the brewing business. In 1953 he raised the price of his beer 15¢ a case wholesale. Sales fell off 800,000 barrels, and Busch told his stockholders: "We made what was probably the worst mistake in the company's history. As your president I take sole responsibility." The stockholders were so amazed by his honesty that they promptly adjourned the meeting.

As for baseball, Busch says, "I wish I could get to talk to the visiting players more, but there is so little time. Often they will come over to the box and say a few words to me. Once Willie Mays told me that Curt Flood was just as good as he was, and I got a kick out of it for Flood's sake. Great boys on this team. Flood, Bill White, Dick Groat, Bob Gibson, Tim Lincecum, Lou Brock, Mike Shannon, Ken Boyer. . . .

"We hope that we will be in there again this year, but it will be tough. It's a lot to live up to. I remember that I was so happy with winning the pennant that I couldn't see straight, and then I was even happier when we won the Series. I'd sure love to go through both feelings again." —WILLIAM LAGOFF

**Turn page for Scouting Reports on all 20 major league teams**

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

### ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

#### HITTING

From the St. Louis Cardinal batting cage in a pregame frolic this spring came an amazing assortment of line drives and long, high smashes that simply disappeared into the Florida haze somewhere over Tampa Bay. Right in the middle of it all a writer who was used to such displays left to get a sandwich and thoughtfully asked the world champions' new manager, Red Schoendienst, if he wanted anything. "You might bring me back a 25-game winner," said Schoendienst.

"Anything else?" asked the writer.

"That'll do," said Schoendienst.

Indeed it would. Except for pitching the Cardinals are overflowing with talent. From top to bottom the batting order is the most frightening collection of hitters this side of the All-Star team. "And I don't even like the looks of their bat boy," said one opposing manager. About the biggest problem facing Red Schoendienst this year was an organizational one: whether to bat Curt Flood (.311, 211 hits) in the leadoff spot ahead of Lou Brock (.315, 200 hits), or vice versa. After coming to St. Louis last June from the Cubs, Brock demonstrated that he is capable of leading the National League in every offensive category, including stolen bases (he stole 43 last year, second only to the Dodgers' Maury Wills). Schoendienst has to put Brock in the batting order where his hits, his power and his speed will be most productive. The possibility that Brock might go hitless some day does not really bother Schoendienst very much. Besides Flood, there are Bill White (.303, 191

hits, 21 homers, 102 RBIs) and Ken Boyer (.295, 185 hits, 24 homers, 119 RBIs) to fill the breach. Even when an opposing pitcher gets to the traditionally softer section of the order, he must face Dick Groat (.292), who hit only one homer but batted in 70 runs anyway. Ex-Manager Johnny Keane took the hit-and-run away from Groat last year, but Schoendienst has given it back and that could add zing to the already impressive Cardinal attack. Farther down are Catcher Tim McCarver, a streaky performer who needs just 12 more percentage points to lift his average to .300, and Julian Javier, the speedy second baseman whose .241 average last year was his lowest in four seasons. "And show me a better eighth-place hitter than Mike Shannon," says Schoendienst. There may be a few who are better right on his own team, and even if they don't play, they sure can pinch-hit: Tito Francona, who came to the Cardinals from the Indians, Carl Warwick, whose three straight pinch hits tied a World Series record; and Bob Skinner, who sometimes does weird things in the outfield, but has a way with a bat. And don't overlook rookie Ed Spiezio, a chunky fellow who hit .360 at Tulsa, Spiezio has one problem, however. He plays third base, and so does Ken Boyer. The solution may be to put Spiezio in right field, and that no doubt is where he will go if Shannon falters. This group can pop fuses in every scorebook in the league.

#### PITCHING

It seems a bit farfetched to say that any team with Bob Gibson (19-12), Ray Sadecki (20-11) and Curt Simmons (18-9) has a pitching problem, but if the Cardinals have a flaw, here it is. Trainer Bob Bauman helped make winners of Gibson and Sadecki by racing them up and down the steps in Busch Stadium in tennis shoes. "It made them mad at somebody," said Bauman, "and it strengthened their legs." Gibson and Sadecki are young and strong and should be even better, but Simmons is 35 years old, and Bob Purkey—who was obtained from the Reds—is the same age. They tend to puff a little without romping up and down Busch Stadium. Tracy Stallard (10-20 with the Mets) and rookie Nelson Briles will start and relieve. Barney Schultz spent 21 years pitching for 18 different teams, but now he has found a

welcome home for himself and his bewildering knuckle ball as No. 1 man in the bullpen. Ron Taylor is the long man. A secret weapon may be Ray Washburn, who tore a shoulder muscle early in 1963 after winning five straight. He is throwing hard again for the first time since.

#### FIELDING

"It's nice to turn around," said Stallard, "and see somebody like Curt Flood chasing fly balls for you." Stallard is right. Flood comes close to being the best center fielder in the business. At one time Flood was flanked by Stan Musial and Minnie Minoso, both elderly gems. Flood described it as "Old Taylor in right, Old Granddaddy in left, with a little Squirt for a chaser." It's better now. Shannon plays right field well, and Flood makes up for his lack of judgment with brute speed. Nor will any of the Cardinal pitchers have to worry about balls hit to the infield. Boyer is an aerobist at third, and though Groat is not fast, few shortstops position themselves as well. With Javier and White on the right side, a ball has to be hit like a dart to get through. Catcher McCarver broke a finger on his right hand in spring training and has had difficulty throwing; in reserve is good-field, poor-hit (.198) Bob Uecker.

#### OUTLOOK

Speed, hitting, fielding—the Cardinals have it all, including a swagger that comes with being the champions. If the pitching holds up, they could run away with the pennant.

#### PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	1	83	69	—
1963	2	53	69	6
1962	6	34	78	17½
1961	5	30	74	12
1960	2	86	68	9

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	BOYER .315	SADOCKI 20-11	
1963	GROAT .289	BRIGGS 18-9	
1962	MUSIAL .280	L. JACKSON 16-11	
1961	BOYER .329	SADOCKI 14-10	
1960	BOYER .304	BRIGGS 21-9	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	BOYER 24	BOYER 120	
1963	WILLIS 27	BOYER 121	
1962	BOYER 24	WHITE 102	
1961	BOYER 24	BOYER 98	
1960	BOYER 32	BOYER 97	

Flashy Lou Brock scored 111 runs last season, third best in the league, and he stole 43 bases.





## CINCINNATI REDS

### HITTING

Last year was a difficult one for the Reds, with Manager Fred Hutchinson dying of cancer and a pennant snatched from their grasp on the last weekend of the season. It led to anger and harsh words, but this year, the Reds say, things are different. "It's a togetherness year for the team," says Frank Robinson. But be cautious. Harmony is fine, but it will be wasted unless the Reds start hitting in unison, too.

Hitting is one thing the Reds have not done consistently since 1961, the last time they won the pennant. That year Vada Pinson hit .343, Robinson .323 with 37 homers and 124 RBIs, and Gordy Coleman .287 with 26 homers and 87 RBIs. In the three years since, Robinson has hit up to his standard in the even years. Pinson in the odd, and Coleman hardly at all. Coleman believes he is the forgotten man. Last year he lost the first-base job to Deron Johnson. This year Johnson has been switched to third and Coleman will be platooned at first with Tony Perez (34 HRs, 107 RBIs at San Diego). No matter what Perez does, Coleman will be benched against certain pitchers. "Include me in the forgotten-man category," says Tommy Harper, who after two years of failing to hit up to the expectations of his bright rookie promise is now just another player. "I prefer it this way. All that attention made me nervous. Now I am just swinging." Harper did more than swing this spring. He was cocking his wrists and snapping the bat, hitting the ball long and hard. Even so, his hold on left field was not secure. Rookie Art Shamsky (25 HRs

at San Diego) speed up the competition with timely home runs, and Charley James, obtained from the Cards, waited impatiently to prove himself.

Last year Pinson had his poorest season ever (.266, 23 HRs, 84 RBIs). A torn thigh muscle was part of the problem but not enough to explain the 36-point drop from his lifetime average. "I wish I knew why I hit so badly," Pinson says. "But I don't. I hope it was just one of those years and not a permanent condition." As for Frank Robinson: "He's a superstar who could carry the team by himself," says Detroit Pitcher Larry Sherry. But not the way he hit last year. .306, 29 homers, 96 RBIs. That's a good year for a good hitter; for a superstar it isn't enough. But Frank might not have to carry the team by himself if Pinson comes back and if last year's Deron Johnson (.273, 21 HRs, 79 RBIs) turns out to be the real Deron Johnson. "I'm sure I'm no fluke," says Johnson. "In fact, I think I may do even better. This is the first year I came to a major league camp feeling I was wanted"—which proves what a difference one good season can make. In 1963 Johnson was sold by Kansas City to San Diego and was ready to quit. "I figured if I couldn't play for Kansas City, then I just couldn't play baseball."

The one regular about whom there is no question is John Edwards, the fine young catcher who batted .281. Every year that he has been in the National League he has improved.

### PITCHING

Bill McCool, the 20-year-old left-handed relief pitcher, wants badly to be a starter, and he would be on most teams. "I'll make it here in four years," McCool says wryly, pointing out the obvious depth of the Cincinnati staff. It is this depth—and excellence—that gave Cincinnati the best pitching in the National League last season after the Dodgers, and maybe even including the Dodgers. And this season it looks even better. Sam Ellis (10-3, 2.58 ERA) moves out of the bullpen and into the fourth spot in the pitching rotation. In front of him are Jim O'Toole (17-7), Joey Jay (11-11) and Jim Maloney (15-10). Maloney looked bad this spring, but he won 23 in 1963. Jay has twice been a 21-game winner (1961 and 1962). O'Toole has won 19, 16, 17 and 17 and might have

been a three-time 20-game winner had it not been for a run of fluke accidents. Jay had the flu in March and had little time to get his arm in shape, but the Reds have Joe Nuxhall and John Tsouris available as spot pitchers. Behind McCool in the bullpen are Bill Henry, Roger Craig from the Cardinals, and Gerry Arrigo from Minnesota.

### FIELDING

Although Cincinnati had the highest fielding average in the league, the Reds aren't really that good. Edwards is an excellent catcher, and the outfield of Harper, Pinson and Robinson is outstanding, but the infield is shaky. First Baseman Coleman protests, "I've had a bad rap. I am not as bad in the field as I am made out to be." The opposition says the rap is bad only in that it doesn't go far enough. Johnson was a capable first baseman last year, but this season he'll play third, where he has trouble. At second the double play is a struggle for Pete Rose. Slender Leo Cardenas (157 pounds) has good range at shortstop and a strong arm, but he makes mistakes.

### OUTLOOK

Fred Hutchinson was a direct-action man who had the confidence of the players, and Dick Sisler, his successor, is the same type. The Cincinnati management hopes that this means peace and harmony will be restored to dugout and clubhouse. Psychology and diplomacy are not enough to win the pennant, of course, but the Reds have talent, too. They should be in the race all the way.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	27	92	20	1
1963	5	86	26	13
1962	3	58	64	27½
1961	1	53	61	
1960	6	67	83	28

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	F. ROBINSON .306	O'TOOLE 87.3	
1963	PINSON .313	MALONEY 23.3	
1962	F. ROBINSON .342	TURKLE 22.5	
1961	PINSON .342	JAY 21.0	
1960	F. ROBINSON .287	PURKEY 10.41	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	F. ROBINSON 29	F. ROBINSON 96	
1963	PINSON 22	PINSON 106	
1962	F. ROBINSON 31	F. ROBINSON 126	
1961	F. ROBINSON 27	F. ROBINSON 124	
1960	F. ROBINSON 31	F. ROBINSON 83	

Much of the Reds' pitching success is owed to the catching of tough, intelligent John Edwards.



## PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

### HITTING

"Last year the league discovered how vulnerable we were to left-handed pitching," said Gene Mauch, the Phillies' no-nonsense manager. "Now I've got an antidote for that left-handed poison." The medicine is right-hand-hitting Dick Stuart, obtained from Boston, where he had 75 homers and 232 RBIs in two years. He joins holdover power hitters John Callison and Richie Allen. Callison, who finished second in the Most Valuable Player voting, tied for third in homers (31), was fifth in RBIs (104) and led the majors in driving in game-winning runs (12). He still isn't satisfied, although most managers feel that he is nearly perfect. "Every season I try to improve in something," Callison said in Florida. "This year I am going to use a heavier bat, try to make more contact with the ball and raise my average [274]." Allen, Rookie of the Year last year, hit .318, had 29 home runs and 91 RBIs and led the league in runs scored and total bases. He also struck out 138 times, which is not only a new NL record but eight more strikeouts than Stuart had, and Stuart has a reputation for that sort of thing. This spring Allen held out ("They won and I lost," he said after he signed), but all he needed to do to be ready to play was shave off his goatee and mustache. Shorn, he hit a dozen balls over the left-field fence the first day of practice and seemed ready to ignore the so-called sophomore jinx.

With Callison in the outfield will be Tony Gonzalez in center and Alex Johnson in left. Gonzalez, 278 last year, was a .303 hitter in 1962 and 1963. Johnson

(.303 in 43 games as a rookie in 1964) is said to be the best "anything" hitter in baseball. "He is not a good-ball hitter or a bad-ball hitter," says teammate John Briggs. "He just swings at anything and hits it often and far." If Johnson swings and misses too often, then Frank Thomas (.294 BA and 26 RBIs in 39 games with the Phils late last year) will take over. The Phils' bench is strong. With both Bobby Wine and Ruben Amaro laid up with bad back injuries, Cookie Rojas, the dandy utility man who played seven different positions last year and batted .291, will probably start the season at shortstop. When everyone is well, Mauch will have a collection of pinch hitters in reserve that will include Thomas, Rojas, Wes Covington, Gus Triandos and either Wine or Amaro.

### PITCHING

Right-hander Jim Bunning (19-8, 2.63 ERA) and left-hander Chris Short (17-9, 2.20 ERA—third best in the NL) are two of the strongest starting pitchers in the majors. Behind them are question marks. Both Art Mahaffey and Ray Culp, who totaled 20 wins against 16 defeats last season, came down with sore arms late in the pennant race, and neither was encouraging during spring training. That means that Bo Belinsky, who won nine games and had a fine 2.87 ERA with the Angels last year, will probably be Philadelphia's third starter. "I like it here," said Bo, who was treated tenderly by Mauch during the spring. "They don't horse you around the way they do in L.A. I haven't shown too much yet, because I don't want these National Leaguers to see my screwie until we're playing for the money. This catcher [Clyde Dalrymple] will be a big help to me. I've never seen anyone call a stranger or a smarter game." In yet another attempt to fill out his pitching staff, Mauch obtained right-hander Ray Herbert from the White Sox. Herbert is 35 and had a sore arm last season, but he is a smart pitcher and could be a pleasant surprise as a spot starter.

In the bullpen the Phils have one of baseball's most durable relievers, Jack Baldschun. Over the past four seasons he appeared in 268 games and won 34 while saving 42 (6 wins and 17 saves in 71 games in 1964). Almost as hard-working last year was sinker-ball specialist

Ed Roebuck, who had five victories and 10 saves in 60 games and a sparkling 2.22 ERA.

### FIELDING

Dalrymple handles things very well behind the plate, and Callison in right, is a superb fielder. For the third straight year he led all NL outfielders in assists with 19, and only three other outfielders in the league made more put-outs; all three were center fielders. The remainder of the outfield is spotty. Gonzalez, in center, was charged with only one error last season, but too many balls that should have been caught dropped in for him. Johnson can chase a ball in left, but Thomas and Covington are paid for swinging a bat, and that's about all they can do. Both Wine and Amaro (who also played second and first last year) are superior shortstops, and both work nicely with Second Baseman Tony Taylor on the double play. Rojas, the interim shortstop, is probably the best utility man in the league. Stuart came to the Phils with a reputation as a monumentally bad fielder and did nothing to dispel it during spring training. Allen, a converted outfielder, tried hard last year but led all major league third basemen in errors (41).

### OUTLOOK

Stuart and Belinsky are being counted on to give the Phils the edge in another tight NL pennant race. But neither player has been known for his team spirit in the past and Manager Mauch may have a tiger's tail in each hand.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	21	32	20	1
1963	8	87	25	12
1962	1	81	80	26
1961	8	43	107	46
1960	8	59	55	36

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	ALLEN 318	BUNNING 19-8	19-8
1963	GONZALEZ 306	CULP 14-11	14-11
1962	QUINTER 303	MAHAFFEY 19-16	19-16
1961	GONZALEZ 277	MAHAFFEY 10-19	10-19
1960	LAYS, OR 284	PARRELL 18-6	18-6
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	CALLISON 31	CALLISON 104	104
1963	CALLISON 28	DEMEYER 83	83
1962	DEMEYER 29	DEMEYER 107	107
1961	DEMEYER 21	DEMEYER 39	39
1960	MERRA 17	MERRA 31	31

*Richie Allen's sudden swing got him 201 hits last season—and a new league strikeout record.*



## NEW YORK METS

### HITTING

Pitcher Larry Bearnarth insists, "There's a new feeling around the Mets. Last year there was optimism, but it was all talk. This year we all feel it." That is good news indeed, but for the Met batters it will take something more than optimism to mount an offense. Second Baseman Ron Hunt, the most accomplished of all the Mets, hit a solid .303 last season, and he and Outfielder Joe Christopher (.300) are to be taken seriously at all times by opposing pitchers. Christopher, however, reported to camp a most unhappy fellow, feeling that since he led the team in almost every offensive category, he deserved more money than the management was willing to offer. If Christopher's dissatisfaction causes him to slump, the Mets will be hard put to find runs. First Baseman Ed Kranepool improved greatly last year, jumping his average from the .200 neighborhood to a promising .257, but when things go bad, Kranepool has been known to sulk.

For years such astute baseball men as Casey Stengel and Johnny Keane told Catcher Chris Cannizzaro that trying to hit home runs wasn't his style, but it took a pitcher, Frank Lary, who was Cannizzaro's roommate last year, to get the message across. Maybe the fact that Chris had never managed to hit a home run helped, too. At any rate, Cannizzaro, whose major league batting average had been a cool .243, hit a hot .311, and he is now the team's No. 1 catcher, ahead of real home run hitters like Jesse Gonder and Yogi Berra. Yogi's return to the ranks is a laugh a minute, but he isn't laughing in the batting

cage. As Stengel noted, after Berra lined a pitch to right: "What if you had a man who could hit the fences? Wouldn't you want him on your club?" Yogi will not catch many full games, but it seems likely that when Casey needs a left-handed hitter late in the game the ex-Yankee manager will be the one. Gonder would seem to have the same qualifications, but, despite a healthy average (.270), he tends to hit the ball straight overhead when runners are in scoring position. The Mets offered \$500,000 for anybody's superstar. They ended up trading Tracy Stallard for the Cardinals' Johnny Lewis, an unsuccessful rookie last year who will start in right. In center, rookie Cleon Jones will alternate with Billy Cowan, who came from the Cubs. Cowan once struck out six times in a game against New York, and you know the Mets couldn't resist having him. The Mets have waited three years for Jim Hickman to cut loose with his bat. Last year he hit .305 the last half of the season (.257 overall), and maybe the long wait is over. Stengel just can't believe he has a player named Danny Napoleon on his team, but there he is, complete with a minor league .351 batting average in his first season of pro ball. Napoleon is slightly less polished than a Mount Rushmore monument, but the Mets can't afford to lose him in the draft. Casey will just have to get used to him.

### PITCHING

The Mets approach respectability in this department now that they have Warren Spahn on the staff. Despite a poor year with the Braves last season, no team with Spahn on it can be all bad. Carlton Willey proved himself quite competent two seasons ago, but a line drive shattered his jaw in spring training last year and finished him for 1964. Willey received a pay cut this season—which the Mets promised to make up if the right-hander was effective in spring training. He seemed to be. The other starters will be Al Jackson, who has won 23 games for the Mets in three seasons, Galen Cisco and Jack Fisher.

Fisher ate himself off both the Orioles and the Giants. Last winter he stuck to a diet—a typical breakfast was an appetite-appausement pill, a dehydration pill and a glass of water—and he reported to camp weighing a hungry, eager 213. "I want to be a pitcher," he said,

"not some kind of a physical specimen." Larry Bearnarth is over the sore arm that kept him from being the fine relief pitcher he was as a rookie in 1963. In spring training he was forcing batters to hit the ball in the dirt again. He and Bill Wakefield (3.60 ERA, best on the Mets) head the bullpen.

### FIELDING

It used to be fun to see the Mets turn a routine play into a wildly exciting situation. Now Hunt and Shortstop Roy McMillan have spoiled it. They handle everything around second base in a most professional manner. Kranepool makes most of the plays at first base and Cannizzaro a lot of them behind the plate. The outfield looks good, too, but there still will be laughs there. Christopher has moved over to left, and the fans who had the time of their lives watching him try to catch fly balls in right field will no doubt move along with him. The Mets are trying to make a third baseman of Danny Napoleon—which may erase the legend of Marv Throneberry once and for all. As someone said when Danny flubbed one, "It's the start of the Napoleonic error." Actually, Casey probably will alternate Charlie Smith (20 HRs, tops for the Mets) and slick-fielding Bobby Klaus at third.

### OUTLOOK

The Mets will go on filling Shea Stadium—especially when the battery of Spahn and Berra is announced—and if Spahn pitches back to his form the Mets may nudge the Astros out of ninth place.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	CAREER RECORD
1964	10	33	109	40
1963	10	36	111	48
1962	10	48	130	10-15
1961				
1960				

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING			PITCHING	
1964	HUNT	203	A. JACKSON	21-16
1963	HUNT	232	A. JACKSON	23-17
1962	ASHBURN	306	CRAIG	10-24
1961				
1960				
HOME RUNS			RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	C. SMITH	20	CHRISTOPHER	26
1963	HICKMAN	27	THOMAS	40
1962	THOMAS	38	THOMAS	54
1961				
1960				

In the gold and at the plate, scrappy Ron Hunt has been the Mets' leader the past two seasons.



## PITTSBURGH PIRATES

### HITTING

During the season Roberto Clemente, the National League's batting champion (.339), likes to take a little nip before each game—from a jar of honey he keeps in his locker. The honey is part of Clemente's almost fanatical concern with his health, and his teammates have kidded him about it for years. Now, though, his health is a genuine concern for the Pirates because Clemente had a snakebit winter. First, he was struck high on the thigh by a stone that kicked up off the blade of a power mower, and the resulting injury required surgery. Then he was stricken with a malarial fever that left him wan and weak and 20 pounds underweight. By the time he was able to report to spring training toward the end of March he had gained back 10 of the pounds, but he was still a long way from being in top playing shape. It will take time before Clemente will be his old self again. It's a good thing, therefore, that the Pirates' new manager, Harry Walker, has a reputation for being an expert hitting instructor, for with Clemente out, or subpar, someone else must pick up the slack. Walker supplements his advice to the players by having them listen to tapes he has made of some of the game's best hitters. "Lots of times a boy doesn't want hitting advice from you because you're too close to him," Walker says. "I've made tapes with some of the best hitters—Ted Williams, Mays, 25 of them. That gives every boy a chance to listen to someone he has confidence in, and believing in somebody is important."

During the past three seasons no Pi-

rate—not even Clemente—has had as many as 90 RBIs, and only Houston and Washington can match that statement. This year Willie Stargell, stronger and faster as the result of a knee operation and an off-season diet, may well be the big RBI man the club has lacked. He missed 45 games last year but had 78 RBIs and 21 home runs, the most home runs for a Pirate in three seasons. Donn Clendenon (.282) must continue to curb his strikeouts (he cut down from 136 to 96 last year). Manny Mota (.277) could be the leadoff man the Pirates need if he learns to fling a few walks. Jerry Lynch and Gene Freese are streaky at the plate but are valuable pinch hitters. Two other Pirates were among the most improved batters in the league last year. Jim Paglaroni (up 65 points to .295) and Bob Bailey (up 53 points to .281). Bailey was on the verge of an even better year but, he says, "I dropped from .304 in the last few weeks because of lack of concentration. I let my mind wander. You know, I'd find myself wondering about things like dinner after the game or thinking about home. I have to give myself speeches all the time to help me concentrate."

### PITCHING

Left-hander Bob Venle (18-12, 2.73 ERA) has a fast ball that leaves a vapor trail, but all too often the trajectory leaves something to be desired. He led the majors in strikeouts with 250, but he also led in walks (124) and was second in wild pitches (18). Vernon Law (12-13) gets by on grit, control and an excellent slider. The slider makes him particularly effective at night, when batters have difficulty picking it up. During the past decade Bob Friend (13-18) pitched more innings than anyone else in the majors (2,583) except Warren Spahn—and allowed more hits (2,633). For added starters there are Joe Gibbon, Steve Blass, Don Cardwell and Don Schwab. All were impressive in Florida.

In the bullpen the Pirates have Al McBean, a Virgin Islander who wears flashy clothes and who likes to refer to himself as "Of Black Magic. McBean was the league's best reliever last year, garnishing his 8-3 record with 18 saves and a 1.90 ERA. He will have to be equally effective this season unless the once-great Elroy Face (5.18 ERA) can snap back and carry some of the load.

### FIELDING

Bill Mazeroski, the superb second baseman, broke a bone in his foot in Florida and will be sidelined until early May. The absence of Maz will hurt, because his double-play skill (the Pirates led the majors in DPs with 179) is a tremendous help to Pirate pitching. Filling in for him will be Gene Alley, a steady fielder but an inconsistent batter (.211 compared to Mazeroski's .268, 10 homers and 64 RBIs). Except for Maz, the Pirate infield is so-so. Neither Dick Schofield nor Andre Rodgers is an outstanding shortstop. Bailey, at third, and Clendenon, at first, are below-average fielders. Clendenon appears acrobatic, but he slips at balls, and Bailey is frequently off balance—which keeps him from getting a jump on grounders and line drives. The outfield is much better. Clemente is an excellent right fielder with a powerful arm, and Stargell has speed and a good arm in left. Mota, a frisky player with a good glove, is taking over from Bill Virdon in center, though Virdon, one of the best fielders in the game, will see a lot of action before Clemente returns to the Pirate lineup. With Del Crandall now on hand to back up Jim Paglaroni, the catching is strong. But, overall, the Pirate defense—which had 177 errors, most in the majors, to go with all those double plays—puts too much of a strain on the pitching staff.

### OUTLOOK

The traffic is pretty heavy in the first division, and the sixth-place Pirates will do very well indeed if they can move up one notch.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	DAMES BEHIND
1964	61	86	82	13
1962	2	74	88	25
1967	4	93	68	8
1961	5	75	79	19
1960	1	95	59	—

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	CLEMENTE .339	VENLE	29-02
1962	CLEMENTE .320	MCGRAW	19-03
1967	CLEMENTE .312	FRIEND	19-04
1961	CLEMENTE .304	GIBBON	13-20
1960	GROAT .325	LAW	25-01
HOME RUNS		GAMES RATTED IN	
1964	STARGELL 25	CLEMENTE	37
1962	CLEMENTE 17	CLEMENTE	36
1967	SKRYNTER 26	MAZEROSKI	81
1961	STARGELL 26	SCHWAB	117
1960	STARGELL 22	CLEMENTE	94





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## MILWAUKEE BRAVES

### HITTING

Eddie Mathews, now captain of the Atlanta-bound Braves, is the last of the old guard who came from Boston to Milwaukee in 1953, and next year he might be the first player in modern baseball to play for the same team in three different cities. The current Braves, he admits, are far different from the ones of a few years back. "This used to be strictly a happy-go-lucky team," Mathews says. "Now there's no more hazing when a new man joins our club. We used to do all kinds of things to a new man—hide his socks, hide his shorts, put itching powder in his uniform. Guys like Burdette and Spahn were always lighting your newspaper while you read it. A guy would be getting interviewed and someone would pull the microphone away. But don't forget, we were young and we were winning in those days and that made for a loose club. Now the younger players are worriers. They take the game very seriously, and they are a fine bunch. We have to work hard to win now, and they know it. Sometimes, though, I sit and wonder where all my old buddies are, what has happened to them. Baseball has changed so much."

The new Braves last year led the majors in hitting (.272) and runs scored (803), and they were second in the league in home runs with 159. Milwaukee players finished second, third and fourth in the batting race, and the team tied a National League record by having five men with 20 or more homers. Rico Carty hit .330 with 22 homers and 88 RBIs, Henry Aaron .328 with 24 HRs and 95 RBIs, Joe Torre .321 with 20 HRs and 109

RBIs. Lee Maye hit .304, Matthews had 23 homers, and Denis Menke hit .20, which was almost twice that of any other NL shortstop. Even the bench was potent: Gene Oliver hit 13 homers, Ty Cline batted .302, and Mike de la Hoz .291. And now the Braves have added two major league retirees: Lou Klimchuck, who led the Pacific Coast League with a .334 average, and Mack Jones, who failed with the Braves before but who led the International League last year with 39 home runs.

### PITCHING

Though the Braves won 20 of their last 26 games and jumped from 14½ games back to just five at the end, only three pitching staffs in the majors had a worse team ERA than the Braves' 4.11. The staff led the league in giving up home runs and making wild pitches (Denny Lemaster alone yielded 27 homers and was worst in the majors with 20 wild pitches). Yet the future is bright, for the five starters are strong-armed and young, ranging in age from 21 to 27. Tony Cloninger, 24, got his curve to break more sharply last season and led the team with 19 wins. Lemaster, 26, a temperamental left-hander, was 17-11 but needs to learn how to set up hitters with his wide assortment of pitches and how not to be bothered by bench jockeys and bad breaks. Left-hander Wade Blasingame, 21, was 9-5 but won six games in September. Hank Fischer, 24, had five shutouts among his 11 wins, and Bob Sadowski, 27, was another nine-game winner.

First man on call in the bullpen is knuckleballer Bob Tiefenauer, whose 3.21 ERA was best on the club last year. Behind him are fast baller Dan Osinski (picked up from the Angels) and former Giant Billy O'Dell. Much-needed help may come from Clay Carroll, who was scored on in just one of the 11 games he appeared in with the Braves last year. And the Braves are hoping that lefty Dan Schneider, best college pitcher in the country a few years ago at the University of Arizona, will be ready to pay dividends on his big bonus later in the season.

### FIELDING

Manager Bobby Bragan probably will juggle his men the way he did last year when he used 110 different lineups, inserting the hot hitters wherever possible. Only four players are set in their posi-

tions; Torre, one of the best catchers in the league, Matthews at third, Menke at short and Aaron in right, all solid fielders. Aaron may be hampered for some time, though, because of an ankle operation he had last month. At second base it will be either no-hit Frank Bolling (.199 last year), once an expert at playing the hitters, or newcomer Sandy Alomar, a converted shortstop with swift feet, a sure glove and a mild bat. Felipe Alou is both the best center fielder and the best first baseman on the team, but where he will play is in doubt. Bragan wants Carty at first, though he seems even less adept at this new position than in left field. Lee Maye wants to play center, but Bragan prefers him in left. "You can't play scared," says Maye, "so I decided to be an aggressive fielder from now on." Maye is also a sometime vocalist. Last month his latest song, which he wrote himself, was released. It is called *Careless Hands*, a title possibly inspired by some of his outfield antics. When Bragan has a lead to protect, he will insert two of his best glove-men: Ty Cline in either left or center, and Tommie Aaron, Henry's brother, at first.

### OUTLOOK

The Braves are facing a strange situation: playing almost as enemies in the city that once loved them. But before they leave the land of beer and brut-wurst for that of hush puppies and hominy grits, they would like to climax their 13-year stay in Milwaukee with a third pennant. However, it is not likely that the pitchers will improve enough for Maye to write a song to commemorate a lame-duck pennant.

### PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	5	28	5	
1963	6	29	15	
1962	5	36	16	16½
1961	4	33	21	10
1960	2	38	6	7

### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	CARTY .310	CLONINGER 19-34	
1963	AARON .319	SPAHN 22-7	
1962	AARON .323	SPAHN 18-14	
1961	AARON .317	SPAHN 21-13	
1960	NECCOCK .298	SPAHN 21-10	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	AARON 24	TORRE 109	
1963	AARON 48	AARON 120	
1962	AARON 45	AARON 128	
1961	ADCOCK 35	AARON 123	
1960	AARON 40	AARON 126	

## LOS ANGELES DODGERS

### HITTING

K-55 is a perfectly balanced thick-handed bat, 36 ounces in weight, 36 inches in length. When the Dodger brain trust finished analyzing it, the distant fences in Dodger Stadium stayed put and the one man capable of reaching those fences, Frank Howard, was traded to Washington. What madness was this? When the Dodgers scored at all last season, the excellent Dodger pitchers bought drinks all around. (After Don Drysdale heard that Sandy Koufax had pitched a no-hitter his first reaction was: "Who won?") But wait, there may be method in the madness—and the method may be a serious consideration of K-55, the bottle bat that John Roseboro borrowed from Drysdale last season. After years of swinging from his heels, Roseboro said to hell with it and began punching hits to all fields with K-55. The Dodger catcher produced the best average of his life (.287) and started the whole Dodger organization thinking in terms of line drives, so much so that General Manager Buzz Bavasi gave Howard to the Senators for left-hander Claude Osteen, a 15-game winner, and Third Baseman John Kennedy. Roseboro also set his fellow players to thinking, among them hot-tempered Ron Fairly. Last year Fairly slashed balls that were caught 10 feet short of the fence and, as Vice-President Fresno Thompson observed: "Bum, there went another helmet." First Baseman Fairly now swears he, too, will follow the hunt-and-peck system.

Who will take Howard's place? Most likely either Al Ferrara, who at age 16 played selections from *La Traviata* at

Carnegie Hall and who hit enough homers last year at Spokane (.24) to rate as one of the few power hitters available to the Dodgers, or Derrell Griffith, who has a short stride, quick wrists and a fine, level, left-handed swing. Griffith hits with less power but more frequency than Ferrara, and that is what the Dodgers have in mind for this season.

For run production, the Dodgers will depend on hitters such as Maury Wills and rookie Second Baseman Jim Lefebvre, speed, speed, speed and, of course, the Davis boys. Early last season, after two glorious years of winning batting championships, Tommy Davis jammed his arm diving into second base and, favoring the injury, began to analyze the pitchers, trying to outguess them. "That's something a successful hitter does subconsciously," he says now. His average fell to .275. This spring Tommy was swinging away confidently and unanalytically and once again looked suspiciously like the best hitter in the National League.

Willie Davis' first act of greatness in 1965 was to dive into the shallow end of a swimming pool and break his nose. The damage was insignificant. "You can inform my many admirers," said Willie, "that I'm as handsome as ever." But it is not Willie's profile that concerns his fans. It's his legs, which make the base paths a wildly exciting place. Willie's 42 stolen bases and .294 average last season seem to be merely appetizers. "If he'd lay down a few more bunts," said Manager Walter Alston, "there's no telling what he'd hit."

### PITCHING

A traumatic arthritic condition of anyone's left elbow does not sound very good, but when the left elbow belongs to Sandy Koufax, not only does it not sound good, it sounds fatal, at least for the Dodgers' pennant hopes this season. Early this spring Alston was a man of many smiles, because Koufax was throwing as if the perplexing injury that finished him for the last month of the 1964 season was gone and forgotten. But the pain is back, and the doctors gloomily predict Koufax will feel it for the rest of the season. The trade that brought Osteen to the Dodgers now makes Bavasi appear to be an unabashed genius.

Last year, even without the services of Koufax for the last month and Johnny

Podres for the whole season, no one scored very often against the Dodgers (they led the league with a 2.95 ERA). Drysdale won 18, struck out 237, and he, Osteen and Podres (if the operation on Podres' elbow is indeed as successful as it appears to be) give Los Angeles a formidable trio of starters even without Koufax. Young John Purdin (0.56 FRA in 16 innings late last season) will get a chance to start, and so will Jim Brewer, Joe Moeller and rookie Mike Kekich. As for the bullpen, Ron Perrano's sinker is sinking again, and Bob Miller has become one of the best late-inning men in the business.

### FIELDING

Next to the sparse hitting, it was the Dodgers' penchant for mismanaging a baseball in the field that put them in sixth place. Now the Dodgers have John Kennedy to play third base—and lo, Kennedy made 28 errors last season. But they say he made so many only because he got to balls that few other infielders could reach. Kennedy is the 24th man the Dodgers have tried in the position in eight years and—in the field at least—he looks to be the best one by far. But except for Kennedy and Willie Davis in center, the defense is seldom better than adequate.

### OUTLOOK

It will be scramble, scramble, scramble and a lot of 1-0 games—won and lost. That system could win a pennant with a sound Koufax. Without him, the Dodgers will have to settle for less.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	67	30	37	11
1963	1	90	63	
1962	2	102	63	1
1961	2	89	65	4
1960	4	82	72	12

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	W DAVIS 254	ROUFAK 19-5	
1963	T DAVIS 336	ROUFAK 25-5	
1962	T DAVIS 348	DRYSDALE 25-5	
1961	MEDON 279	POURIN 18-5	
1960	LARKER 203	DRYSDALE 23-14	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	HOWARD 34	T DAVIS 26	
1963	HOWARD 38	T DAVIS 39	
1962	HOWARD 30	T DAVIS 153	
1961	ROSEBORO 18	MEDON 39	
1960	HOWARD 33	LARKER 28	

Whether he is running the bases or chasing a fly ball, Willie Davis' speed is electrifying.



## SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

### HITTING

Thoughts of Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Orlando Cepeda and Jim Ray Hart hitting all in a row have caused some sleepless winter nights for National League pitchers. Mays alone causes more nightmares than any Alford Hitchcock script. The four hit 127 home runs last year, an average of 32 apiece, even though McCovey (18) slugged nowhere near his potential and Hart was a mere rookie. Mays led the league in homers with 47 but slipped below 300 for the first time since 1956. New Manager Herman Franks, as aware as anyone of Willie's physical exhaustion late each season, plans to rest his superstar as often as possible. "Can I afford not to?" he asks. McCovey is coming off a terrible season at the plate, losing 60 points from his 1963 batting average and 26 from his home run total. His chronically sore feet were treated in the winter and, with specially built shoes, he could be his old murderous self again. McCovey's presence is mandatory since the only other left-handed batter in the regular lineup is Catcher Tom Haller (.253). Cepeda also visited the doctors to have cartilage removed from his right knee. Cepeda has outlast Mays for four straight years and has averaged 31 homers and 106 RBIs for his seven major league seasons, but he probably will not be ready to play when the season starts. Hart hit .286 as a rookie, with 31 HRs.

Despite all the muscles, the Giants' batting average was the worst in the league except for Houston's, and they were sixth in scoring runs. McCovey's bad year and Mays's season-end slump

did not help. If the Giants are to score runs as well as reach the fences, the doctors must bat 1,000 with Mays's overall condition, McCovey's arches, Cepeda's right knee and Shortstop José Pagan's left eye, which was operated on in the winter to remove a growth that hampered his play the past two seasons.

### PITCHING

Juan Marichal, who kicks higher than a Rockette before he fires his assortment of pitches, heads a staff that needs more and better left-handers. Both Marichal and Gaylord Perry, who had the fourth and ninth best ERAs in the league, are right-handers and so are Bob Bolin and Jack Sanford, Rookie of the Year in 1957 and a 24-game winner in 1962. Sanford was out most of last year but apparently had a successful arm operation in the off season (the Giants must have set a record for number of players visiting doctors' offices in one winter). Bob Hendley, a so-so pitcher for three seasons in Milwaukee and inconsistent with the Giants last year, will be Franks's only left-handed starter, unless the team can trade for one. The Giants are also hoping that youngsters Dick Estelle (23) and Al Stanek (21) show enough in the minors to be recalled early in the season. Fullea had a 2.84 ERA in 33 games at Tacoma, and Stanek led the Pacific Coast League in strikeouts in 1964.

The only veterans in the bullpen are Bob Shaw (7 wins, 8 saves) and Jim Duffalo (5-1, 2.92 ERA), and both are right-handers. But if Masanori Murakami ever uses the return part of the round-trip ticket to Japan the Giants bought him, the club will add to the already international flavor of its personnel and get a needed left-handed relief pitcher. For the baseball-record nuts there seems to be no end of records for left-handed Japanese pitchers that Murakami could put in the books. In 15 innings last season his ERA in the National League was 1.80, almost as low as it had been earlier in the year in the Class A California League. If the Nankai Hawks allow him to be exported to the U.S. again, Franks will give him a good try in the bullpen.

### FIELDING

The Giants did not make the double play well in 1964, despite having one of the best second basemen in the majors in Hal

Lanier. Part of the trouble was Pagan at shortstop. His fielding fell off the past two years, along with his hitting. But he has a good arm and good range and perhaps the eye operation will help him regain his skill with a glove. If Cepeda is not ready to play at the start of the season McCovey will have to take over at first base, and that is not good. He played 26 games there in 1964 and made seven errors. He is not such a liability on left, where the Candlestick Park winds hold fly balls up in the air. Utility Catcher Ed Bailey could also fill in at first. The rest of the outfield is in good hands. Mays in center has slowed up a bit, but he is still racing toward the Hall of Fame and a flock of National League career records. Jesus Alou in right has a good arm, and his brother, Mutt, is a valuable outfield replacement. Hart at third does not have the fielding finesse of Jim Davenport, but his arm is accurate and he outlast the veteran by exactly 50 points and outthrewed him 31 to 2.

### OUTLOOK

The Giants finished only three games behind St. Louis last season, and it is not hard to see them contending for the pennant again, especially if McCovey comes back and the patchwork pitching staff holds together. Mays is still Mays, and Cepeda will not be sidelined too long with that knee. Lanier and Jesus Alou, both 22, batted .274 last season and could easily improve. While the Candlestick Park parking lot continues to sink into the sea, the Candlestick Park tenants may rise higher than third place. Herman Franks must trust in medical science to help him accomplish all this.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	SABER RATING
1964	4	90	22	3
1963	3	88	24	11
1962	1	102	62	—
1961	3	89	89	8
1960	5	79	25	16

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	CEPEDA .308	MARICHAL 21-0	
1963	CEPEDA .318	MARICHAL 25-0	
1962	F. ALLOU 314	SANFORD 24-7	
1961	CEPEDA .311	S. MILLER 14-5	
1960	MAYS .285	S. JONES 18-34	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	MAYS 47	MAYS 111	
1963	MCCOVEY 44	MAYS 100	
1962	MAYS 48	MAYS 141	
1961	CEPEDA 44	CEPEDA 142	
1960	MAYS 29	MAYS 101	

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## HOUSTON ASTROS

### HITTING

"If practice will help, then Lord knows we have to be better," said arm-weary Coach Clint Courtney. Clint came to Houston's training camp expecting to be a supervisor in spottish white flannels but discovered instead that one of his many duties was to be stand-in for Iron Mike, the pitching machine. It was that kind of spring for everybody. New Manager Lum Harris kept the five diamonds at Cocoa Beach in action constantly. With 14 coaches on hand, players took cram courses in pickoffs, cut-offs, base running and hitting. Mostly it was hitting, and never has a team needed it more. An intriguing statistic reveals that the 1964 Colts left fewer men on base than any other team in the majors—but, of course, the Colts had fewer men on base to begin with. They were dead last among the 20 major league clubs in team batting average, hits, runs, runs batted in, total bases and home runs (as a team, Houston hit 70 homers, just nine more than Roger Maris hit all by himself in 1961). Over the winter the team nickname was changed to Astros, but the offense still looks like the Colts—the 1965 lineup is pretty much the same as last year's. Two exceptions are rookies Joe Morgan, Texas League All-Star second baseman (.323, 47 stolen bases), and Ron Brand, a .273-hitting catcher at Columbus. Neither has a great deal of power, but both could help. "I'll hit up here," says Morgan, "but first I've got to learn the pitchers and figure out the strike zone." Lum Harris can wait, because there's no one else to play second.

Houston has two solid hitters in Third Baseman Bob Aspromonte (.280, 12 HRs, 69 RBIs) and Outfielder-First Baseman Walter Bond (.254, but 20 HRs and 85 RBIs). After that there are people like Eddie Kasko (.243), Bob Lillis (.268) and Mike White (.271), none of whom hit as much as one home run last year, and Al Spangler (.245) and Jimmy Wynn (.224), who together hit nine. Of course, Rusty Staub hit 20 homers in half a season at Oklahoma City, and Jim Beauchamp had 34 homers and 83 runs batted in there; if they can power the ball like that with the Astros, the situation will brighten rapidly.

### PITCHING

Ever since Houston entered the National League three years ago, the team's strong pitchers have carried the team's weak hitters, and they will have to do it again in 1965. Curiously, the staff, for all its collective success (only three teams in the league last season had pitching staffs that yielded fewer runs than Houston's did), is relatively undistinguished individually. It is comprised principally of castoffs and discredits—like Bob Bruce, Ken Johnson, Dick Farrell, Hal Woodeshick, Don Nottebart, Don Larsen and Jim Owens. Bruce, after 15 quiet years in pro ball, made some noise last season (15-9, 2.76 ERA) and took over the No. 1 spot in the pitching order. Johnson, Farrell and Nottebart are the other most frequent starters. Johnson (11-16) seems to have recovered from the shock of pitching and losing a no-hit game (1-0 to the Reds), and Farrell (11-10) showed no sign this spring of the injuries that cut short his bid for a 20-win season. Before getting hurt in June, Farrell had won 10 games, most as the majos at the time. Nottebart (6-11) had a no-hit game in 1963, which he won, fortunately. Larsen (4-8 with Houston last year), used mainly in relief the past four seasons, started 10 games and had a fine 2.27 ERA. Owens (8-7) was both a starter and a reliever last year, though Houston's key bullpen man is Woodeshick (2-9 but 22 saves and a 2.77 FRA). This season the Astros will carry two hard-throwing first-year players: 22-year-old Danny Coombs and 18-year-old Larry Dierker. "They'll stick, and they'll pitch their turns," says Harris. It will be a novelty to see a pitcher under 30 in a Houston lineup.

### FIELDING

General Manager Paul Richards believes that the new domed stadium will be "a laboratory test of defensive skills." This is his way of saying that there will be no fly balls lost in the sun, no muddy infield skin, no hunts rolling foul or fair on a tilted baseline, no wind-blown hits. It will take fast legs to cover the vast outfield, and synchro-mesh hands to field the grounders that will rocket across baseball's only flat infield (since there is no drainage problem under the dome, there is no need for the standard turbleback infield). Last year's fielding weaknesses in center, at second base and behind the plate cost the Colts an estimated 25 of their 35 one-run losses. For this reason Morgan and Brand, good fielders both, will stay in the lineup if they can hit even a little bit. At shortstop, Kasko's hands are sure and his arm is strong but his range is limited. Third base is no problem—Aspromonte is one of the best in the league. Bond, speaking of first base, says, "Last year I was just trying not to look bad, but now I can make all the plays." Staub is still learning to play right field, and Spangler, the left fielder, runs in and out better than he goes left and right—which leaves Wynn in center field with everything from El Paso to Texarkana to call his own. All in all, the Astro defense is not the kind that pitchers dream of.

### OUTLOOK

The old Colts were no bargains, and the new Astros don't seem a great deal different. Still, a few base hits added to that good pitching could keep the Astros ahead of the last-place Mets.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	9	66	96	27
1963	9	66	96	23
1962	8	64	96	31½
1961	—	—	—	—
1960	—	—	—	—

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	ASPROMONTE 280	BRUCE 35-9	
1963	SPANGLER 281	JARRELL 34-13	
1962	MEIJAS 276	BRUCE 35-9	
1961	---		
1960			

HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	BOYD 20	BOYD 35	
1963	BATEMAN 10	BATEMAN 38	
1962	MEIJAS 24	MEIJAS 76	
1961	—		
1960			



## CHICAGO CUBS

### HITTING

Big George Altman comes from North Carolina and was educated at Tennessee A&I, but he considers Chicago his home. He lives there and his best baseball memories are there. A strong straightaway hitter, he clubbed a total of 49 home runs for the Cubs in 1961 and 1962 and batted better than .300 each season. Then he was traded away to St. Louis for pitching help and got messed up trying to pull the ball over Busch Stadium's right-field fence, just 310 feet away. Last year with the Mets he suffered a dislocated shoulder, a groin injury and a ruptured batting average (.210). Now Altman is physically sound again and, more important, he is back in Wrigley Field. His presence gives Head Coach Boh Kennedy a fourth dangerous man in the batting order to go along with Ron Santo, Billy Williams and Ernie Banks. Santo, a stocky, handsome blond from Seattle and one of the National League's finest all-round players, is captain of the team even though he is only 25. He hit .313 last year, had 30 homers and 114 RBIs and tied for the league lead in triples. Williams was one point behind Santo in batting and three home runs ahead. Together they form as potent a pair of hitters as ever chased a pitcher to an early rime. The amiable Banks is still predicting rosy things for his team, completely ignoring his failure as a prognosticator for the past 11 years, the length of his sentence in Chicago. He is undoubtedly over the hill from his Most Valuable Player seasons in 1958 and 1959, but Ernie over the hill is still worth 20 or 30 home runs.

Offensively the rest of the Cub lineup does not appear too frightening. Catcher Dick Bertiell has hit only six home runs in the last two years and is not likely to better .240. Dominican rookie Roberto Pena, 303 in the Southern League last season, won the shortstop job with a good spring, beating out switch-hitting Jim Stewart. Neither of the right-field candidates, Doug Clemens and Len Gabrielson, has shown that he can hit big league pitching yet. Clemens missed part of last season with a broken finger. Gabrielson is built more like a full-grown Kodiak than a cub and hit some impressive drives in spring training, yet his home run totals in five years as a pro are not noteworthy.

### PITCHING

It was pitching more than anything else that hurled the Cubs in eighth place last season. They finished fifth in batting and fourth in fielding but eighth in earned runs allowed, eighth in low-run games pitched and a near booby-prize in hits allowed. It was unfortunate that Chicago could not pitch Larry Jackson every day. Jackson, who came to Chicago from St. Louis in the same deal that exiled George Altman, won 24 games, the most in either league (Dean Chance, the Cy Young Award Winner, won only 20 for the Angels.) This year Jackson may get some help from left-handed Dick Ellsworth (14-18), who won 22 games in 1963. A year ago Ellsworth spent spring training working on his breaking pitches and neglected his fast ball. When the season started he reared back to throw his fast ball and instead delivered an unintentional chancup. This spring he concentrated on more and better fast balls and expects to regain his 1963 form.

Among the others, Ernie Broglio, a big right-hander who is another St. Louis refugee (and he was not happy missing last October's World Series pay-off), might return to his Cardinal form (18-8 in 1963) after an off-season operation to remove bone chips from his elbow. Cal Koonce, who won three straight after his recall from the minors late last year, will be a starter. The Cubs are also depending on two aging veterans, Bob Buhl, 36, and Edgely Lou Burdette, 38, both ex-Milwaukee stars. Lindy McDaniel, still another ex-Cardinal, will head the bullpen crew.

### FIELDING

The shortstop-second base situation is in a muddle. Last year's shortstop, Andre Rodgers, went to Pittsburgh, but the Cubs still have a seemingly endless supply of infielders of about equal—and not terribly impressive—ability. Pena will open at short, with Stewart, who also played second and center field last season, in reserve. Second base could be handled by rookie Glenn Beckert, a good double-play man who was a shortstop at Salt Lake City and batted .277, or Ron Campbell, another Salt Lake graduate who spent 26 games with the Cubs last year and hit .272.

Billy Williams has been moved from left to center field, where he will not be as good as Billy Cowan, who went to the Mets for Altman. Altman will play left, not too gracefully. Both Gabrielson and Clemens will have problems in right. Santo is splendid at third, and Bertiell has a good arm behind the plate. Banks plays first base the way an old shortstop should.

### OUTLOOK

Coach Kennedy can depend on several things: Santo, Williams and Banks will swing their bats with the same old effectiveness. Altman will hit better than last year's .230 and Jackson can be relied upon for another good year. But, sadly, Kennedy also can rely on the fact that seven other clubs in the National League look better than his. Right field, second base, shortstop and pitching are question marks. Some may turn into pleasant surprises, but not enough for the Cubs to step up in class.

### PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	8	78	86	37
1963	7	82	83	37
1962	5	59	103	47½
1961	7	66	90	29
1960	7	60	94	35

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS			
BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	SANTO 31.3	L. JACKSON 24.1	
1963	SANTO 29.7	ELLWORTH 22.10	
1962	ALTMAN 21.9	BURL 22.14	
1961	ALTMAN 20.5	CARDWELL 25.08	
1960	ASHBURN 29.1	NOBBE 26.20	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	WILLIAMS 33	SANTO 134	
1963	SANTO 29	SANTO 99	
1962	WILLIAMS 25		
1961	BANKS 32	BANKS 104	
1960	BANKS 29	ALTMAN 95	
1959	BANKS 44	BANKS 137	

# Some Significant Baseball Statistics

Official major league averages do not always disclose the reasons a team finished where it did—or the true value of a baseball player to his club. Here is a different breakdown of the 1964 season, one that permits a more penetrating analysis of major league play

## TEAM OFFENSE VS. DEFENSE

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Opponents' runs	Difference
Cincinnati	669	566	+94
San Francisco	656	587	+69
St. Louis	715	457	+258
Philadelphia	602	432	+170
Milwaukee	603	344	+259
Los Angeles	614	372	+242
Pittsburgh	643	436	+207
Chicago	643	724	-79
Houston	495	428	+67
New York	563	776	-213

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Opponents' runs	Difference
New York	729	577	+152
Chicago	662	500	+162
Baltimore	679	567	+112
Minnesota	717	610	+107
Detroit	699	618	+81
Cleveland	669	603	+66
Los Angeles	564	560	+4
Boston	698	790	-92
Washington	576	733	-157
Kansas City	625	836	-211

## RUNS PRODUCED

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Teammates batted in	Runs produced
Bever St. L. (295)	126	95	195
Allen Phil. (314)	125	62	187
Mays SF (296)	127	64	195
Santo Chi. (312)	94	84	178
Torre Mil. (321)	87	89	176
H. Aaron Mil. (328)	103	73	174
Culberson Phil. (274)	101	73	174
White St. L. (303)	92	80	173
DiMaggio Phil. (309)	95	75	170
Robinson Cin. (308)	103	67	170

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Teammates batted in	Runs produced
B. Robinson Balt. (317)	82	90	172
Oliver Min. (323)	106	62	171
Harmon NY (302)	92	75	168
Wagner Cleve (250)	64	69	163
Calderin KC (234)	89	68	157
Killebrew Min. (230)	95	62	157
Stank. Bos. (279)	73	81	154
Rowan, Cin. (256)	101	40	150
Altman Min. (287)	90	54	144
Baltin, Min. (275)	67	54	143

## EXTRA-BASE POWER: TEAM

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Hits	Extra-base hits	Pct.
Chicago	1,391	434	312
Milwaukee	1,522	465	306
Philadelphia	1,415	427	298
San Francisco	1,360	388	285
Cincinnati	1,383	385	280
Pittsburgh	1,468	400	272
St. Louis	1,531	402	263
New York	1,372	379	240
Houston	1,234	273	225
Los Angeles	1,376	298	217

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Hits	Extra-base hits	Pct.
Minnesota	1,413	454	320
Boston	1,425	468	328
Kansas City	1,323	411	313
Baltimore	1,317	411	312
Detroit	1,294	413	316
Cleveland	1,296	394	304
Washington	1,246	352	283
New York	1,442	405	281
Chicago	1,394	339	242
Los Angeles	1,287	325	243

## CONSISTENT HITTERS

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Games	Times hit safely in
Williams Chi. (312)	162	125
Flood St. L. (303)	162	124
Allen Phil. (321)	162	123
Calderin KC (299)	159	122
Good St. L. (292)	161	118
Santo Chi. (312)	161	118
Hawkins Phil. (268)	162	117
W. Davis, LA (294)	157	116
White St. L. (303)	160	115
Brook Chi-St. L. (255)	155	115

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Games	Times hit safely in
B. Robinson Balt. (317)	163	126
Oliver Min. (323)	161	124
Cramer, KC (301)	159	122
Wagner Cleve (253)	163	112
Bernard Bos. (233)	154	110
Calderin KC (274)	160	110
Vassallo Min. (259)	160	109
Howard NY (313)	160	108
Lumpkin Det. (256)	158	109
Richardson NY (267)	159	107

## EXTRA-BASE POWER: INDIVIDUAL

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Hits	Extra-base hits	Pct.
Mays SF (296)	371	77	450
Robinson Cin. (305)	374	73	470
Santo Chi. (312)	385	70	411
Stangel Phil. (273)	315	47	409
Allen Phil. (314)	291	80	398
Culberson Phil. (274)	379	71	395
Muske Min. (293)	343	54	378
Johnson Cin. (273)	360	49	377
Cepeda SF (304)	361	40	373
Banks Chi. (264)	356	54	372

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Hits	Extra-base hits	Pct.
Powell Balt. (290)	323	56	455
Altman Min. (287)	341	63	447
Calderin KC (274)	361	67	436
Harris NY (303)	323	50	425
Wassila Bos. (289)	323	50	425
Goodman Bos. (289)	317	47	422
Goodman Det. (294)	313	45	398
Killebrew Min. (270)	356	61	381
Oliver Min. (323)	317	84	387
Lock Wash. (243)	327	49	386

## BEST AT GETTING ON BASE

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Times at bat	Reached base	On base pct.
Santo Chi. (312)	646	273	390
Robinson Cin. (306)	642	262	396
H. Aaron Mil. (328)	634	249	393
Calderin KC (299)	595	236	398
Calderin Phil. (299)	603	244	390
Mays SF (294)	605	254	392
Allen Phil. (312)	598	248	398
Williams Chi. (312)	598	252	397
Harmon NY (302)	549	215	366
Torre, Phil. (311)	646	236	365

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Times at bat	Reached base	On base pct.
Harmon NY (303)	567	240	423
Altman Min. (287)	594	240	404
Powell Balt. (290)	596	231	397
Robinson Cin. (304)	606	233	394
Kalene Det. (292)	608	232	382
Robinson Balt. (289)	594	225	378
Killebrew Min. (270)	602	237	377
Cramer KC (303)	595	235	378
Yarveson Bos. (289)	646	241	373
Goodman KC (251)	553	191	371

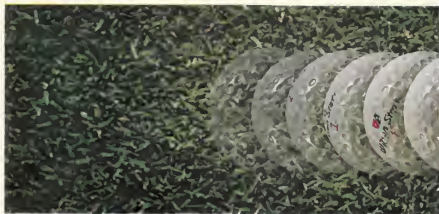
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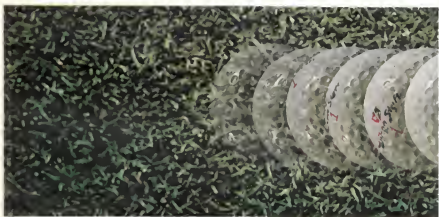


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**ALLTIME BEST  
HOME RUN HITTERS**
**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

	Home runs	At bats per HR	Rank
Max Ott	513	18.5	8
Stan Musial	475	23.1	10
Willie Mays	453	15.5	2
Edwin Matthews	445	15.1	3
Chuck Strider	437	17.6	5
Ernie Banks	376	26.8	4
Cal Hogue	370	29.0	9
Ralph Kiner	369	34.1	1
Berry Asmus	346	37.8	6
John Mays	329	38.0	7

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Home runs	At bats per HR	Rank
Babe Ruth	714	13.9	1
Jimmy Fox	524	15.2	4
Ted Williams	521	14.9	2
Lefty O'Doul	493	16.2	6
Mickey Vernon	434	14.4	3
Joe Mauer	363	18.9	7
Yogi Berra	358	21.3	9
Mark Greenberg	330	19.7	5
Ray Schalk	318	20.3	8
Al Simmons	309	28.5	10

**POWER PITCHING**
**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

	Strikeouts	Walks	Opponents
Berning Phil (29-5)	219	44	173
Kousser LA (18-5)	223	55	170
Drysdale LA (18-16)	227	48	169
Gibson SL (29-12)	245	86	159
Musicki SF (21-8)	206	52	154
Maloney GM (25-20)	214	93	121
Short Phil (27-13)	181	51	130
Vespe Phil (28-12)	250	124	126
Perry SF (27-11)	155	43	112
Lemonnier Mo (27-11)	195	75	110

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Strikeouts	Walks	Opponents
Bellch Det (22-9)	192	44	128
Radtzke Bos (26-5)	180	58	123
Chenue LA (26-5)	207	86	121
Ford NY (27-8)	172	57	115
Peacock Minn (15-12)	213	98	115
Kast Minn (27-11)	171	60	111
Pena KC (27-14)	134	73	111
Papaleo Det (18-7)	192	48	109
Peters, Ch (18-7)	162	55	107
Peters, Ch (20-8)	205	104	101

**BEST BASE STEALERS**
**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

	Attempts	Steals	Pct
Hartill, Cal	27	24	88.9
H. Aaron, Minn	26	22	84.6
Robinson, Cal	26	22	84.6
Gwynn, Cal	15	12	80.0
Mays SF	24	19	79.2
W. Davis, LA	55	42	76.4
Walt LA	70	53	75.7
Buck, Ch (21-1)	43	43	70.0
Taylor, Phil	20	13	65.0
Candemon Phil	20	12	60.0

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Attempts	Steals	Pct
Wagner, Cleve	36	14	37.5
Vasquez Minn	18	34	77.8
Agnew Det	34	27	79.4
Walt, Ch	29	22	75.9
Wheaton Cleve	27	20	74.1
Buckner, Wash	23	17	73.9
Ensign Det	19	14	73.7
G. Brown Det	15	11	73.3
McGraw Ch	22	15	68.2
Givk, Minn	18	12	66.7

**BEST AGAINST  
FIRST DIVISION**
**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

	Season record	First-division record	Pct
Sedache St. L	29-13	11-2	84.6
Faircl, Bos	12-10	8-2	80.0
McBain Phil	8-5	5-2	71.4
Gonzalez Minn	19-14	7-3	70.0
O'Dell SF	8-7	7-3	70.0
Kousser LA	29-5	20-5	66.7
Summers SL	18-9	8-4	66.7
Owens Minn	8-7	6-3	66.7
Hartley SF	30-15	5-5	62.5
Teah Phil	19-12	11-7	61.1

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Season record	First-division record	Pct
Burke Det	15-5	7-2	77.8
Taylor Cleve	10-4	6-2	75.0
Bell Cleve	8-4	5-2	71.4
Ford NY	17-6	5-2	71.4
Swearing NY	12-8	7-3	70.0
Charles LA	20-5	11-5	68.8
Higgins Det	16-7	8-4	66.7
Baker, Wash	9-13	7-4	63.6
Peters, Ch	18-9	7-4	63.6
Spanish Wash	8-10	7-4	63.6

**TOUGHEST PITCHERS  
TO HIT**
**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

	Opponents' at bats	Runs	BA
Kousser LA (19-5)	806	154	19.1
Drysdale LA (18-16)	1,170	242	20.7
Vespe Phil (28-12)	1,023	222	21.7
Short Phil (27-13)	891	174	21.7
Walt SF (26-10)	645	144	22.9
Maloney, Cal (25-20)	394	175	23.2
R. Miller, LA (7-7)	501	115	22.6
Chenue Minn (18-14)	851	208	23.1
Gibson SL (29-12)	1,099	260	23.2
Perry SF (27-11)	770	179	23.2

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Opponents' at bats	Runs	BA
Radtzke Bos (26-5)	554	102	18.6
Walt LA (23-10)	746	142	19.0
Chenue LA (26-5)	554	104	19.5
Burke Det (15-5)	376	161	20.7
Peters, Ch (20-8)	593	237	22.8
Papaleo Ch (29-10)	880	159	22.8
Dwening NY (23-18)	501	201	22.9
Agnew Det (25-10)	800	134	22.9
Leitch Det (28-1)	870	186	22.9
Spanner, Minn (26-15)	713	160	22.9

**BEST AGAINST  
SECOND DIVISION**
**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

	Season record	Second-division record	Pct
Kousser LA	29-5	9-0	1.000
Elio, Cal	30-5	4-0	1.000
O'Dell SF	5-1	0-0	1.000
Musicki SF	21-8	15-2	.857
Jackson Ch	24-11	14-2	.875
O'Dell Ch	27-7	13-2	.846
Gibson Phil	30-7	9-3	.833
Walt, Phil	5-3	5-1	.833
Berning Phil	19-8	12-3	.800
Taylor SL	8-4	6-2	.750

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Season record	Second-division record	Pct
Hart Det	9-1	5-0	1.000
Sheldon NY	5-2	5-0	1.000
Peters, Ch	20-8	12-2	.857
McDonald Cleve	13-4	6-1	.857
Stottlemyer NY	9-3	6-1	.857
Stuck, Wash KC	9-3	6-1	.857
Maloney NY	7-4	6-1	.857
Glicking Det	7-4	5-1	.833
Perry Minn	6-3	5-1	.833
Wichersham, Det	29-12	24-4	.800

**EFFECTIVE RELIEF PITCHERS**
**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

	Appearances in games	Games team won	Pct
Woodenback Minn (27-5)	30	66	47.9
McBain Phil (26-5)	29	80	36.3
Balchouse Phil (26-5)	31	92	32.7
R. Miller LA (7-7)	26	80	32.5
Shine SF (7-6)	37	99	30.9
Dike, Cal (27-1)	26	82	29.3
Taylor SL (27-1)	26	89	29.3
McDaniel Ch (7-7)	15	76	25.0
Trotterman, Minn (24-1)	21	89	25.0
Bennett, NY (27-5)	17	59	27.6

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Appearances in games	Games team won	Pct
Woodenback Minn (27-5)	30	66	47.9
McBain Phil (26-5)	29	80	36.3
Balchouse Phil (26-5)	31	92	32.7
R. Miller LA (7-7)	26	80	32.5
Shine SF (7-6)	37	99	30.9
Dike, Cal (27-1)	26	82	29.3
Taylor SL (27-1)	26	89	29.3
McDaniel Ch (7-7)	15	76	25.0
Trotterman, Minn (24-1)	21	89	25.0
Bennett, NY (27-5)	17	59	27.6

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

	Appearances in games	Games team won	Pct
Radtzke Bos (26-5)	46	72	42.9
Wyatt, KC (27-1)	32	57	36.1
Wichersham, Det (27-1)	47	98	40.0
McMahon, Cleve (27-1)	32	70	40.5
R. Lee, LA (26-5)	32	87	39.0
Kline, Wash (27-1)	24	62	38.7
S. Miller, Wash (27-1)	25	87	38.0
Maloney NY (27-1)	26	58	26.3
Wichersham Minn (27-1)	19	78	24.1
Sherry, Det (27-1)	29	85	22.4

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

### NEW YORK YANKEES

#### HITTING

Johnny Keane, the new Yankee manager, has a favorite story he tells about the day, 35 years ago, when he first tried out with the St. Louis Cardinals. The clubhouse man gave him the scrumpest uniform and cap available. Keane did not mind the crumpled uniform as much as he did the beat-up cap. "I can still see that cap," Keane remembers. "It was old and dirty and the peak was broken. But Andy Hugg, the Cards' regular third baseman, let me use one of his uniforms and gave me one of his caps. I've never forgotten that and, because of it, whenever I've gone I try to be sure that every boy gets a new cap."

It is fortunate that Johnny Keane is happy with little things, for the team he has taken over no longer fits the Big Hitter mold that earned it the nickname the Bronx Bombers. Last season the Yankees hit only 162 home runs, their lowest total in five years and down almost 80 from their record-breaking high of 240 in 1961. Even more significantly, they were tied for fifth in the league in home runs, the worst for a Yankee team in 50 years. Mickey Mantle led the team in homers with 35, which was 19 fewer than his own major league high but the most by a Yankee in three seasons and more than he is likely to hit this season. Hampered by his damaged knee, Mickey has become a much less consistent hitter when he bats left-handed. Batting right-handed the past two seasons he has averaged .422, left-handed only .244. Nonetheless, he ended up with a .303 average last year, with 111 runs batted in and, except for Baltimore's Brooks Robin-

son, was the most valuable player in the American League. The only other Yankee over .300 was Elston Howard (.313, 84 RBIs). Next was Roger Maris, whose credentials were modest: .281, 26 HRs, 71 RBIs. First Baseman Joe Pepitone had 28 homers and 100 RBIs, but his average was only .251, and the other infielders, Bobby Richardson, Tony Kubek, Clete Boyer and super-sub Phil Linz, had averages of .267, .229, .218 and .250, with a total of 25 homers among them. Tom Tresh, the third outfielder, slumped to .246 and 16 home runs. Tresh said this spring that he was going to cut down on his swing (110 strikeouts) and forget about going for the fences. "I'm going to be a Punch and Judy hitter," he said. Helpful hitting came from reserves Pedro Gonzalez (.277 in 112 ABs), Hector Lopez (.260 and 10 home runs in 285 ABs) and John Blanchard (.7 HRs, 28 RBIs in 161 ABs), and despite the decline in power the Yankees were a close second in the league in runs scored.

#### PITCHING

Yankee pitching, usually strong, is a worry now because of Whitey Ford, long the ace of the staff, Ford was 17-6 last year, but he was able to pitch only five weak innings in the World Series because of a circulatory ailment in his hand (he couldn't shave with it and had to sit on it between innings to keep it warm). Surgery corrected the difficulty, but Whitey's appearances in spring training were inconclusive. In any case, he can concentrate on his pitching this season now that he has relinquished his pitching-coach job to newcomer Cot Deal, who helped develop the Houston staff into the best control pitchers in baseball. Jim Bouton, a right-handed would-be comedian and the club's big winner last year with 18, says of the new coach, "He's cool to help us. If he doesn't, we got a raw deal." The man who needs most help with his control is left-hander Al Downing, who has trouble keeping his good fast ball low enough often enough. Mel Stottlemyre, who joined the Yankees in August and won the pennant for them with a 9-3 record the last two months, is the fourth starter. Pete Ramos, who came to the Yankees even later in the season than Stottlemyre and saved seven games in relief in September, heads the bullpen. The left-handed man there will be towering 6-foot 7-inch Steve Hamilton (7 2).

#### FIELDING

The Yankees' secret weapon has always been fielding, at which they are—or used to be—marvelously adept. The infield of Pepitone, Richardson, Kubek and Boyer is probably the best in baseball, and the outfield would be equally good if it were not for Mantle's gimpy knee. That knee has changed Mickey from a great center fielder to an uncertain, erratic one. Spring training saw Mantle in two of the outfield positions, and where he will end up is not certain, though he will probably stay in left field, with Tom Tresh going to center. Tresh may be better in center than the Mantle of today, but he is nowhere near the fielder Mickey used to be. In right, Maris continues to be one of the best in the majors. Howard is about the best catcher in baseball. The Yanks lose a little when they go to the bench. Linz is flashy, but he makes too many errors; Hector Lopez, though he has improved over the years, is not a first-rate outfielder. Blanchard is kept for his hitting, not his catching.

#### OUTLOOK

The Yankees look weaker than they have in recent memory. Their hitting is not as strong, their pitching not as solid, their fielding not as sure-handed. Their stars, Mantle and Ford, are fragile. They are trying to win a sixth straight pennant, which no team, not even the Yankees, has ever done before. Their opponents generally seem stronger, and last year's winning Yankee margin was one thin game. Yankee-batters, take heart. This looks like the year!

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	1	99	63	
1963	1	106	67	
1962	1	96	66	
1961	1	109	53	
1960	1	97	57	

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING	1964	1963	1962	1961	1960
WARREN	319	FORD	17.6		
HOWARD	297	FORD	24.7		
MANTLE	311	TEBBY	23-12		
MANTLE	317	FORD	29.4		
DOWNING	229	DOWNING	15.9		
HOME RUNS	1964	1963	1962	1961	1960
MANTLE	35	MANTLE	113		
HOWARD	26	PEPITONE	89		
MARIS	31	MARIS	100		
MARIS	41	MARIS	142		
MANTLE	40	MARIS	112		

Camden-Jay Burrows poses for snapshots from the batters when he is facing hard from the mound.





## BALTIMORE ORIOLES

### HITTING

The Orioles just love to talk about 23-year-old Boog Powell. They talk about the bull Boog hit over the distant hedge in left center in Baltimore, his two 450-footers, the eight homers in D.C. Stadium. Powell, who is 6 feet 3 and 235 pounds, does not ordinarily hit the towering fly balls that most big men do. He is more of a line-drive specialist because he has a level swing and does not try to overpower the pitch. Still, one day last year in Kansas City he got under one ball and sent it up, up and away, until it crashed high off the distant scoreboard. If it hadn't stopped then, it would have gone nearly 500 feet. Even the usually noncommittal Powell was impressed. "One of these days I'm going to hit the moon," he said. Powell, who looks like Jack Nicklaus' twin, has a face full of freckles and a becoming modesty. When he speaks of his improved hitting he cites three factors: learning the pitchers, confidence and "knowing how to be loosey, goosey at the plate." In three years he has boosted his batting average from .243 to .290 and his home runs from 15 to 39. No team in the league had a pair of run producers to match Powell (99 RBIs) and Brooks Robinson, who led the league with 118. Robinson, the American League's MVP, hit 28 homers and batted .317, second best in the AL. What's more, the durable Robinson missed only two innings last year and has missed just four games since 1959: batted .464 and knocked in 28 runs over the final 23 games of the season when the Orioles were desperately chasing the Yankees. The rest of the

Orioles' offense is centered in the bat of streak-hitter Sam Bowers (22 HRs, 71 RBIs as a rookie in 1964) and the legs of Luis Aparicio (93 runs, 57 stolen bases—tops in the AL for the ninth straight year). Full seasons from John Orsino (19 HRs, .272 in 1963) and Russ Snyder (290), both out most of last year with injuries, could add some needed zip to the Oriole attack which, despite Powell and Robinson, was a mediocre sixth in runs in the AL. With soft spots in the lineup at first (Norm Siebern, .245), second (Jerry Adair, .248) and center (Jackie Brandt, .243), rookies Curt Blefary (60 HRs in his past two minor league seasons), Dave Johnson (19 HRs at Rochester) and Paul Blair (.311 at Elmira) have better than average chances to become regulars. Both Blair and Johnson hit well in Florida.

### PITCHING

In the not too distant past, Baltimore's pennant hopes rested almost entirely on superlative pitching (lowest ERA in the AL in 1961 and 1962), but that has changed. For the past two seasons Baltimore's pitching has fallen off (fourth in ERA in '64), and this spring the staff gave Manager Hank Bauer little cause for optimism. Bauer had hoped that Milt Pappas (16-7, 2.96) would get off to a fast start for a change, but Pappas, historically a poor early-season pitcher, looked his worst this spring. Another worry for Bauer was the sensational rookie, Wally Bunker (19-5, 2.69 FRA), who had a sore arm for a while in Florida. On the bright side, however, was the springtime work of Steve Barber and Dave McNally. Barber inexplicably lost his fast ball last year and slipped from 20 wins to nine. He appeared to regain his stuff in Florida and looked again like the Barber of 1963. McNally was in and out (9-11), but he has discovered that he had been tipping his pitches. That has been corrected, and McNally should have a better season. The only worry about Robin Roberts is his age (38). Otherwise he seems able to come close to his 13-7, 2.91 ERA record of 1964. There is also a bit of age in the bullpen—Harvey Haddix (39), Stu Miller (37) and Dave Hall (34). The three of them won 21 games and saved 35 others last year. Rookies with a good chance are Jim Palmer (11-3 at Aberdeen) and Herm Sauerette (1.96 ERA at Rochester).

### FIELDING

Last year Bauer installed canvas-back chairs in the Baltimore clubhouse so the players could lean back and relax. On the field, though, the Orioles were a fast-moving crew who broke their year-old major league record by committing only 95 errors. Getting balls through the left side of the infield—where Third Baseman Robinson and Shortstop Aparicio preside—is like trying to squeeze water through a brick wall. Jerry Adair set a big league record by making only five errors at second base, yet could lose his job to rookie Johnson, who has more range. Orsino, Dick Brown and Charlie Lau form a strong catching crew, and Bowers makes all the plays in right. The other positions are somewhat unsettled. Powell, a first baseman originally, was a left fielder last season. No matter where he plays, Powell is hampered by his size. If neither Siebern nor Blefary hit enough to play first, Powell will take over there. If Blair keeps hitting, he will be the center fielder; he has a marvelous arm and is the best outfielder on the team. In reserve in the infield is Bob Johnson, who can play all four positions.

### OUTLOOK

With pitching that doesn't look as solid as in the past and with little likelihood of more run production, the Orioles will have to scramble to finish as high as they did last season. A big trade, which the Orioles have been trying to make, or big performances from some of the rookies and the question-mark pitchers would help the Birds fly higher.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	3	97	65	2
1963	4	86	76	10 1/2
1962	7	77	85	19
1961	3	95	67	14
1960	2	99	65	8

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	B. ROBINSON .317	BEPIER 29-5	
1963	POWELL .295	BARBER 29-13	
1962	B. ROBINSON .303	PAPPAS 19-30	
1961	GEHTLE 292	BARBER 19-32	
1960	B. ROBINSON 294	ESTRADA 19-31	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	POWELL 39	B. ROBINSON 108	
1963	POWELL 25	POWELL 82	
1962	GEHTLE 33	GEHTLE 87	
1961	GEHTLE 48	GEHTLE 141	
1960	WATSON 22	GEHTLE 98	

The magic swing of amateur Boog Powell has produced some of the longest homers in baseball.



## CHICAGO WHITE SOX

### HITTING

The White Sox operate on pitching and defense, but their hopes for a pennant are based, paradoxically, on hitting. Last year the Sox finished second, only one game behind the Yankees, despite a feeble offense that ranked seventh in the league in runs scored. Now Chicago has Catcher John (Honey) Romano, the home-run-hitting catcher (19 in 106 games) they obtained during the winter in a three-way trade with Kansas City and Cleveland, and they also will have First Baseman Bill Skowron for the full season. Skowron joined the Sox in July last year and hit .293 with 38 runs batted in over the last part of the season. "If we had had the first baseman earlier," says Manager Al Lopez, "we'd have won the pennant." There is some basis to the claim. The White Sox lost their first 10 games to the Yankees; after Skowron joined the club the Sox took six of the remaining eight. Beyond Romano and Skowron there is Third Baseman Pete Ward, who is shaped somewhat like a bottle (he has massive legs and a little boy's face) but who happens to hit like one of the best batters in the league. He drove in 94 runs with base hits that went every which way but always, as Lopez points out, with sting. "He doesn't slap the ball," says Lopez. "He lashes it." Floyd Robinson, short but powerful, is a consistent .300 hitter who batted in 109 runs in 1962 (he fell off to 59 last year). Ron Hansen is not a high-average batter (.261 in 1964), but he hit 20 homers and had 68 runs batted in, impressive figures for a shortstop. Don Buford and Al

Weis shared second base last season and are reasonably consistent punch hitters. Rookie Ken Berry, who will play center, had a modest batting average in the minors, but hit 20 homers. Danny Cater, who will be in right, batted .296 in 60 games with the Phils. The White Sox should get good pinch hitting, too. On the bench at one time could be big Dave Nicholson (who mixes homers with strikeouts at a ratio of about 1 to 10), Tom McCraw (.261 in 368 ABs), rookie Tommie Agee, Smokey Burgess and either Buford or Weis. Not to mention Gary Peters, the pitcher, who hits like an outfielder. In fact, the pitcher's spot in the Chicago batting order produced 57 runs batted in last year: only Ward, Hansen and Robinson had more.

### PITCHING

It was an achievement of some note to score off a Chicago pitcher last season and, though it seems improbable, the pitching looks even better now. Gary Peters (20-8, 2.50 ERA) is the best left-hander in the league and Juan Pizarro, who held out through most of spring training, is only slightly less effective (19-9, 2.56 ERA). Both, however, may be upstaged by Joe Horlen, a mild-mannered right-hander who was just another name on the roster until Relief Pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm discovered him throwing a blinding assortment of fast balls and curves in the bullpen. "Why don't you throw like that in a game?" Wilhelm asked. "The way your ball moves, forget all that pitching for the corners and throw." Horlen began to cut loose and ended up with 13 victories and an earned run average of 1.88, which was bettered in the majors only by Dean Chance and Sandy Koufax. Dave Debuschere, the 6-foot 6-inch pitcher who in the winter is player-coach of the Detroit Pistons of the National Basketball League, arrived at spring training late and may have trouble beating out veteran John Burdardt and rookies Bruce Howard, 22, Tommy John, 21, and Bob Locker, 27, for a starter's spot. The new legislation limiting the size of the catcher's mitt will not help Chicago's relief corps. Both Hoyt Wilhelm (12-9 with a 1.99 ERA in 73 games, all in relief) and Ed Fisher use the knuckle ball, and it's hard to hang on to that pitch with a pillow. However, it is unlikely that there will be

enough passed balls to give opposing teams any late-inning comfort. Wilhelm, who will be 42 in July, won six games and saved three more in the last 25 games of 1964.

### FIELDING

Chicago is feeling very smug about the winter trade that sent Jim Landis and Mike Hershberger to Kansas City. "I suppose the Yankees are outraged," says General Manager Ed Short. The Sox reason that while both Landis and Hershberger are excellent fielders, they won't be missed because their replacements are as good. Berry is supposed to be able to do everything Landis can do in the field—which is saying a lot—and he's a cinch to be better with a bat (Landis hit .208 each of the past two seasons). "If Berry hits .260 we're ahead of the game," says Lopez. Cater moves well and has a good arm, and in reserve is Agee, who is very agile in the field. ("Sort of reminds you of Willie Mays, doesn't he?" says Lopez hopefully.) The infield is solid, if unspectacular. Ward, at third, was terrible his rookie year, but last season he cut his errors in half and was vastly improved. Romano is not the best catcher in the world, but he'll do.

### OUTLOOK

The good White Sox pitching is more overpowering than ever, the attack seems considerably more potent, the fielding is probably better and the bench is stronger. The White Sox should win.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	2	55	64	1
1963	2	54	65	19½
1962	5	85	77	13
1961	4	86	76	23
1960	3	87	67	10

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING		
1964	F. ROBINSON .301	PETERS	20-8	
1963	WARD	PETERS	26-8	
1962	F. ROBINSON .312	HEBERT	20-5	
1961	SEEVERS	PIZARRO	14-7	
1960	A. SMITH	PIERCE	16-7	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN		
1964	WARD	23	WARD	54
	WARD	22		84
1963	NICHOLSON	27	WARD	84
1962	A. SMITH	28	F. ROBINSON	109
1961	A. SMITH	28	A. SMITH	93
1960	SEEVERS	28	MINOSO	105

*Joe Horlen stopped pitching carefully last year, ended up with the second best ERA in the league.*



## CLEVELAND INDIANS

### HITTING

Rocco Domenico Colavito is back in Cleveland Municipal Stadium after a five-year hiatus in Detroit and Kansas City. Loved for his power hitting and handsome face, Rocky should bring plenty of customers into the park and send plenty of baseballs flying out of it. He is still young (31) and a good bet to have a season's home run total higher than his age. He is one big reason for an atmosphere of super spring optimism in the Indians' war councils, moderated by Manager Birdie Tebbets.

Another reason for optimism, and perhaps an even more important one, is Outfielder-First Baseman-Second Baseman Chuck Hinton, an acquisition from the Washington Senators who played with Colavito on the American League All-Star team last year. Hinton is a solid .280 hitter with good speed and, hopefully, he will not be bothered too much by being used at various places around the infield and outfield. Tebbets will put him somewhere, even if he has to invent a new position. And Hinton and Colavito are not the only hitters around, not with Leon Wagner on hand. "Daddy Wags" hit 37 homers three seasons back while playing all his home games for the Angels in Chaver Ravine, where four-base hits are almost as rare as water fountains. Third Baseman Max Alvis was struck down by spinal meningitis in July, was still weak when he returned to the lineup and lost more than 20 points from his 1963 batting average of .274. Now he is healthy again, and Tebbets looks for him to be "one of the real fine ballplayers in the country." Venezuela's

Vic Davalillo already is one of the finest players in Tebbets' opinion. The little outfielder, who does not have too much power, has hit .292 and .270 in his two major league seasons. Shortstop Dick Howser hit only .256 in 1964 but led the club in hits and runs scored.

### PITCHING

The Indians had one of the best winning percentages in the league for the last half of the season, and much of the credit goes to the young pitchers who came through amazingly well. Tall (6 feet 5) left-hander Sam McDowell, 22, came up from Portland, where he had an 8-0 record and a 1.18 ERA, and continued merrily on without much change. He won 11 and lost six for the Indians and struck out 177 batters in 173 innings. Right-hander Luis Tiant, 24, was 15-1 at Portland before he came up and finished 10-4 with the Indians. It may be too much to expect but, if these two maintain such effective pitching for a whole season, Cleveland could be the surprise team of the league.

Lefty Jack Kralick (12-7), who had one of his best seasons last year, will be the third starter, and the fourth probably will be hard-throwing Sonny Siebert (3.23 ERA in 156 innings). Help is expected, too, from Dick Donovan and Yankee castoff Ralph Terry, who is disappointed that he is no longer with an organization that counts on World Series checks as though they were guaranteed annual dividend. In 1964 Terry lost his spot in the New York starting rotation and never did get back in. He thought he pitched well enough to stay with the Yanks, but off he went to the Indians—which is not a prison sentence but is disappointing to a onetime Yankee hero. He'll get plenty of opportunities to pitch with Cleveland. Relief man Don McMahon, 35 and less than svelte around the middle, was the Indians' "Man of the Year" in 1964, with a 2.41 ERA in 70 games.

### FIELDING

Who's on first? Cleveland is the Abbott & Costello team this year. It could be Fred Whitfield, or Colavito, or Hinton. It could not be Wagner, who had to be removed from the position in spring training to keep him from getting killed by a low throw. "It took me seven years to learn how to play left and three more

to learn right," said Wags philosophically. "That's all you need, two positions." He will play left. Davalillo is an exceptionally fine center fielder, an obvious prerequisite for a man scheduled to play between Wagner and Colavito. Hinton, who probably will be at second base most of the time, is only adequate there—and probably less than adequate on the double-play pivot—but his bat has to be in the lineup. Howser is good at shortstop. Alvis at third is fine, but he has an erratic arm. The team is mediocre at catcher without John Romano, who went to the White Sox in the complicated Colavito trade; the catching job will be shared by Joe Azcue and Camilo Carreon.

### OUTLOOK

The Indians seem certain to have sound hitting, good power and impressive pitching, but it is dangerous to rely on so many youthful players, some of whom have yet to put in a complete major league season. "They're not all going to make it," says Tebbets. "But we got guys on the bench ready to step in. For the first time since I've been here our club has extra ballplayers of major league ability." The optimistic Birdie may be seeing a strong bench that isn't there, but he certainly does have some good-looking young players. The Indians are even dreaming of beating out the Yankees and winning the pennant—which would be a sweet homecoming for Colavito and sweet revenge for Terry. That's a tall order, but the Indians do have the potential to move up sharply into the middle of the race.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	61	79	83	29
1963	50	78	83	29½
1962	6	80	82	96
1961	5	79	83	30½
1960	4	76	78	21

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	DAVALILLO .270	KRALICK	12.7
1963	ALVIS .274	KRALICK	14.15
1962	FRANCORA .272	DONOVAN	20.30
1961	PIERSALL .322	GRAVE	15.9
1960	FRANCORA .292	PEREY	19.10
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	WAGNER 31	WAGNER	100
1963	ALVIS 29	ALVIS	67
1962	ROMANO 29	A. SMITH	82
1961	KIRKLAND 27	KIRKLAND	95
1960	MILD 21	POWER	84
	WHEELAND 21		

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## DETROIT TIGERS

### HITTING

The Tiger hitting has been good enough to keep the team in the first division, but that's about all. "We hit well enough to hurt some of the contenders," says a Tiger player, "but to make a real run for the pennant the Big Man has to have a big year."

The Big Man, Al Kaline—slumped last season (17 HRs, 68 RBIs), but he was bothered by a foot injury most of the year. This spring the foot felt fine, and Kaline may be ready to hit the way he did in 1963 (27 HRs, 101 RBIs). Don Demeter also had problems and ended up with only 80 RBIs—27 fewer than he knocked in for the Phillies in 1962. Nonetheless, Demeter was a real tiger when there were men on base—he drove in the tying or leading run 36 times. "I guess I concentrate more when I'm challenged," he said.

Norm Cash hit 23 home runs and knocked in 83 runs (tops on the team), but he batted only .275. If Cash were to get hot, he could carry the team with his momentum alone, as he did in 1961 when he hit 41 homers, won the batting title (.361) and had the Tigers ahead of the Yankees most of the season. But some think the home runs ruined Cash as a hitter. "He tries to pull every pitch," admitted Coach Bob Swift, the Tigers' manager pro tem until Charley Dressen recovers from a springtime heart attack.

The Tigers' best batter last season was 23-year-old Bill Freehan, who took over as first-string catcher and batted an even .300, with 80 runs batted in. Don Wert also became a regular and hit a useful .257. Gates Brown (.272 as a rookie in

1964) is being challenged for the left-field spot by Willie Horton (.288 at Syracuse) and rookie Jim Northrup (.312 at Syracuse), as well as by onetime bonus baby George Thomas, who hit .286 for the Tigers in 308 at bats. Horton hit 28 home runs at Syracuse and lots more in Florida the past two springs ("He's a tough act to follow," says Freehan) but hardly any at all in a brief trial with the Tigers (1 HR, .163 BA in 25 games). Jerry Lumpe and Dick McAuliffe slipped 20 points below their 1963 averages, but McAuliffe made up for it by blossoming into a home run hitter. (He hit 24 to lead the team.) He had averaged 10 a year in his previous three seasons

### PITCHING

Early in the spring Hank Aguirre, the cheerful left-hander who is a hit of a hypochondriac, asked a catcher, "How's my curvature?" He was told that his curvature was perfect, better than it ever has been, and that his screwball was great, too. That was not so last season, when he completed only three games in 27 starts and slipped from 14 wins to five. First, Aguirre pulled a leg muscle, and then he decided that his arm had gone dead. Half the season was over before he realized his arm was fine. Phil Regan, too, looks more like the 15-9 pitcher he was in 1963 than the 5-10 pitcher he was last season. "Regan was slider crazy," said Swift. "He went to the slider so often that he couldn't throw his curve. This year I told him to forget the slider and stick to the curve."

With Aguirre and Regan off form last season, the Tigers' only dependable starters were Dave Wickersham (19-12) and Mickey Lolich (18-9). Wickersham never has problems with his arm—he doesn't throw hard enough to hurt it. ("I'd be ashamed to throw his flat, dinky curve," said a fellow pitcher.) Wickersham pitches with his head as much as his arm; he keeps a written book on all the hitters in the league. His wife, Carol Sue, helps him keep track by listening to major league broadcasts. "He's amazing," one Tiger said. "He not only knows where he's going to throw the ball to the batter, but he also knows where the batter's going to hit it. One day against Boston, Wick called time with a man on base and Stuart up and told Cash to hug the chulk. Darned if that wasn't where Stuart hit the ball."

Lolich, on the other hand, just fires the ball. Still, he knows where it is going, too. Last year he had the biggest surplus of strikeouts over walks of any American League pitcher (192 strikeouts, 64 walks).

In the bullpen, Terry Fox (4-3) appears to be rid of the arm trouble that has plagued him the past four years, and Larry Sherry (7-5)—thanks to a tip from his brother Norm—is releasing the ball the way he did before he tore a shoulder muscle. These two and Fred Gladding (7-4) could give Detroit a strong relief corps. Best of the rookies is Bruce Brubaker (15-9, 2.63 ERA at Syracuse), who has an overhand curve almost as good as Minnesota's Camilo Pascual.

### FIELDING

The outfield is in good hands with Kaline in right, Demeter in center and either Thomas or Northrup in left. If Brown or Horton play left it will be because of their bats, not their gloves. McAuliffe committed more errors (32) than any other American League shortstop, but he also handled more chances than any other except Ron Hansen of Chicago. The rest of the infield—Cash, Lumpe and Wert—is better than average, and in Freehan the Tigers have the best young catcher in the league.

### OUTLOOK

Year after year Detroit is everyone's favorite dark horse, and year after year Detroit finishes up the track. This season the long-shot lovers are ignoring the Tigers, and it seems a shame, because they look stronger now than they have in a long time.

#### PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	4	85	77	24
1963	57	79	83	25 1/2
1962	4	85	78	18 1/2
1961	2	101	61	8
1960	6	71	83	26

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING	PITCHING
1964 FREEHAN .308	LOLICH 18-9
1963 KALINE .312	REGAN 15-9
1962 KALINE .304	BURNING 19-30
1961 CASH .361	LARRY 23-9
1960 CASH .306	LARRY 15-15

HOME RUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
1964 McAULIFFE 24	CASH 83
1963 KALINE 37	KALINE 121
1962 CASH 39	COLAVITO 112
1961 COLAVITO 45	COLAVITO 140
1960 COLAVITO 35	COLAVITO 87

## WASHINGTON SENATORS

### HITTING

Anyone who wants to see the new Washington Monument need only go to D.C. Stadium and glance toward left field. There will be Frank Howard—all 6 feet 7 inches and one-eighth of a ton of him. Last year with the Los Angeles Dodgers, he was a monument to frustration. This year he is a monument to hope, for the weak-hitting Senators (19th in the majors in hitting in 1964) are moving toward power and Howard is the prime mover. Few, if any, men can hit the ball as hard and as far. Yet this very strength, and his frustrating inability to utilize it consistently, has caused Howard much unhappiness. When he was at Ohio State one of his line drives struck a student manager on the head. "They told me," Howard recalls, "that if he had been hit a quarter of an inch lower he would have died instantly." Howard says that he would have quit baseball if the boy had died. A year ago he felt like quitting again—this time for personal reasons. He changed his mind, played, but only .226 (with 24 home runs) and was traded by the Dodgers.

Howard is a troubled man, tormented by unhappy thoughts and black moods. If anyone can help him it should be Manager Gil Hodges, who is both soft-spoken and iron-fisted. This spring, in a new uniform, Howard wore a becoming attitude of optimism. "I'm probably in the best physical shape I've been in since I left college," he said. "And I'm just now getting my feet on the ground as far as my personal life is concerned." In the world of Frank Howard everything is kingsize—his problems, his po-

tentual and, the Senators trust, his home runs. Playing in circular D.C. Stadium should help him, because there is almost no wind to hold back his long drives and keep them from going over the fence. Other new Senators who will add power are ex-Indians Bob (Fat) Chance (.279, 14 HRs, 75 RBIs in 120 games as a rookie) and Woodie Held (18 HRs). Ken McMullen from the Dodgers is a big, strong hitter, too. A couple of rookies who might lend a hand are Catcher Joe McCabe, a spray hitter, and Outfielder Brent Aleya, who will be recalled quickly if he hits in the minors. The best of the holdovers are Don Lock (28 HRs but a .248 average) and Jim King (.241, 18 HRs). Other old boys, whose achievements in the past were emphatically better than their records last season, are Willie Kirkland (.206), Joe Cunningham (.231), Don Zimmer (.246), Roy Sievers (.183) and Chuck Cottier (.168).

### PITCHING

Washington pitchers may need fallout shelters instead of showers, because they figure to be bombed. Traded away in the Howard deal was Washington's one distinguished thrower, Claude Osteen (.15-13). Acquired in return were Phil Ortega and left-hander Pete Richert, both talented enough to be big winners someday. Between them, however, they won only nine games for Los Angeles last year. Benno Daniels, Buster Narum, Dave Stenhouse and left-hander Frank Kreutzler are spotty (an average of six wins each in 1964). But for the first time in his 11-year career Relief Pitcher Ron Kline had a winning record, an impressive one (10-7, 2.33 ERA in 61 games). Others in the relief brigade are Steve Ridenik (5-5, 2.89 ERA) and Jim Hannan. All Hannan needs is blisters. He says: "Last year I had a sloppy grip and my thumb was coming up on top of the ball. My slider didn't do anything. It just hung. I was one and six when I found out what I was doing wrong. Then I started gripping the ball right, and I won three of my last four games. When I grip the ball right I get blisters on my fingers. Of course, after a while, the blisters turn to calluses."

### FIELDING

There will be a lot of junk hits against this defense—ducks grounders that fritter their way through the infield and

dumpy flies that drop untouched by human hand or glove. These will be scored as hits, but there will also be a few errors—quite a few. Last year the Senators gave up 98 unearned runs, the most given up in the league. Washington especially needs crouching at the corners of the infield. Unless McMullen gets over his case of fumble fingers, the third-base job will go to the veteran Held. At first base the 220-pound Chance doesn't move about too much.

As for the outfield, Howard is strong enough to squeeze the stitches off any ball he gets his hands on, but he doesn't get his hands on many balls until after the first hop. And though strong, those hands are not too nimble. "When there are jobs to be done at home," Frank says, "my wife tells me please not to touch them." It is questionable, too whether Howard's once-strong arm is well again.

What strength the Senators do have in the field is, happily, down the middle. Shortstop Ed Brinkman and Center Fielder Lock are deluxe glove-men. Lock, the possessor of an exceptional arm, tied for the American League lead in outfielders' assists with 19. Catcher Mike Brumley and Second Baseman Blasingame do creditable jobs.

### OUTLOOK

Last year the Senators moved up from 10th to ninth. This year there will be more runs than last, and if the good relief pitching makes up for Osteen's departure the Senators will hold their gain and think hopefully about moving up another notch.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	SAME BEHIND
1964	5	47	107	37
1963	30	56	106	48
1962	12	40	101	35
1961	91	61	100	47

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

YEAR	BATTING	PITCHING
1964	NINTON 278	OSSTEEN 35.13
1963	NINTON 268	CHANEY 8.5
1962	NINTON 260	STENHOUSE 11.12
1961	O'CONNELL 260	DANIELS 12.11

YEAR	HOME RUNS	AIDS BATTED IN
1964	LOCK 26	LOCK 80
1963	LOCK 27	LOCK 87
1962	BRIGHT 11	NINTON 75
1961	G GREEN 11	FASBY 63

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## MINNESOTA TWINS

### HITTING

Except for the Dodgers, the Twins were by far the most disappointing team in the major leagues last season. Expected to bid seriously for the pennant, they dawdled along a few games over 500 and a few games off the pace until July and then fell far, far behind—ending the season in a dismal tie for sixth, 20 games in back of the league-leading Yankees. This season the Twins are standing pat; they are trying again with almost precisely the same club they had last year. Such curious optimism could reflect the Scandinavian stubbornness the Twins have been exposed to in Minnesota but more likely it stems from an overregard for the awesome cornucopia of power that is the Twins' batting order. Harmon Killebrew hit 49 home runs last year. Boh Allison and rookie Tony Oliva each hit 32; Jimmie Hall hit 25; even 155-pound Zoilo Versalles hit 20. And Don Mincher, who is not even a regular (he had only 287 ABs last year), hit 23. As a team the Twins hit 221 homers, 35 more than the second best club in the league and almost 60 more than the Yankees. Oliva was the league batting champion. Killebrew the home run leader. Add to all this the steady bats of Rich Rollins (1.270, but .291 lifetime) and Earl Batley (.272), and the Twins' euphoria is somewhat easier to understand. They can hit the hell out of a baseball.

For all this they had a remarkably negative record; they won the fewest doubleheaders of any team in the league (one out of 16 played), had the second worst record for extra-inning games

(they won only seven of 21), lost the most one-run games (38) and lost 14 shutout games while winning only four. Home runs are nice to have, but a certain lack of hitting in the clutch seems indicated.

### PITCHING

The Twins' Metropolitan Stadium in the flat fields west of Minneapolis is a hitter's paradise (there is a steady flow of air out toward the fences, and long flies seem to float out of the park). Conversely, it is a horror for pitchers. "Pitching there is like sticking your head under a guillotine," said one American Leaguer. "You know the axe will fall. You just don't know when." Last year the club raised the fences four feet. It didn't help much, so this year the fences have been moved back instead of up: 20 feet in center, 14 feet in left. "It can't hurt the pitchers," says Manager Sam Mele, "and who knows, maybe it will help. Mostly, though, it's up to the pitchers to help themselves. They've got to stop throwing those high curves." Still, the Twins led the league in complete games and on paper have a good staff: Camilo Pascual, who fell to 15-12 after two straight 21-game years, is ordinarily one of the best in the league, lefty Jim Kaat was 17-11; Jim Grant was 11-9 with a fine 2.82 ERA after coming to the Twins from Cleveland; Dick Sugman, another left-hander, fell from 15 wins to six, but he could snap back. Al Worthington, John Klippstein, Jim Perry and Bill Pleis shared most of the bullpen work last year, and the first two had impressive earned run averages (1.38 for Worthington, 1.96 for Klippstein).

The Twins have an interesting prospect in rookie right-hander Dave Boswell, who once punched a winter league umpire on the jaw because of a call that cost Boswell a ball game. (He was fined \$50 but says it was worth it.) In his debut with the Twins late last year Boswell's first pitch was hit for a home run by Felix Mantilla of the Red Sox. His second pitch was hit for a double by Tony Conigliaro and his third for another double, by Carl Yastrzemski. Boswell peered in at Dick Stuart, the next batter, and called out to his catcher, "Is this guy a first-ball hitter, too?" Then he struck Stuart out and went on to a 2-0 record before the season ended. Even if it turns out that he can't pitch, he'll be fun.

### FIELDING

Al Lopez insists that it wasn't pitching that hurt Minnesota last year but bad fielding. The Twins made more errors than anyone but last-place Kansas City and were second worst in double plays. The infield is bad. The Twins played Allison at first last year but are switching to Killebrew this season. Allison wasn't terribly good, and Killebrew isn't as good as Allison. Bernie Allen, who missed half of last season with a broken leg, is not a dependable major league second baseman. Versalles, at short, makes superb plays, but he also made 31 errors, second most in the league. Rollins at third does not make superb plays and was first in errors.

### OUTLOOK

The Twins are almost impossible to figure. Their erratic but explosive hitting makes them a constantly dangerous ball club, and their pitchers could develop into a dependable and productive staff. The transfer of Killebrew from left field to first base will definitely improve the outfield defense; a lot of those extra-base hits that zoomed past the slow-footed Killer will be caught by the more adept Allison. If Jerry Kindall, or Cesar Tovar (whom the Twins obtained from the Reds), or Bernie Allen, or somebody, can turn second base from a deficit to an asset, the infield situation might improve markedly. If that happens, the Twins' bats could lead them toward the top of the league. But it's an awfully big if, so much so that everyone in Florida expected a Minnesota trade momentarily.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	41	29	33	29
1963	3	91	70	13
1962	2	91	71	5
1961	2	20	90	26
1960	5	72	81	24

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING	PITCHING
1964 OLIVA .323	KAT 13-11
1963 ROLLINS .307	PASCUAL 21-9
1962 ROLLINS .298	PASCUAL 20-11
1961 KILLEBREW .294	KRAVICH 15-11
1960 L. GRANT .294	STOBBS 20-7
HOME RUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
1964 KILLEBREW 49	KILLEBREW 111
1963 KILLEBREW 45	KILLEBREW 96
1962 KILLEBREW 42	KILLEBREW 124
1961 KILLEBREW 46	KILLEBREW 122
1960 KILLEBREW 35	LENNON 130

As a rookie, Arnie Tony Oliva looked like quick fast so fast that he led the league in hitting.



## KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

### HITTING

"We are doing everything possible to build a championship team," said Mr. Charles O. Finley, owner of the Kansas City Athletics, as he revealed his secret plan for 1965. Maybe that explains the mysterious happenings of the off season. First the outfield fences that were just an ax length beyond the infield were chopped down and moved back. Way back. Way, way back. And big slugger Rocky Colavito (34 HRs, 102 RBIs), who was capable of reaching the fences under any circumstances, was traded away for a pitcher and Mike Hersherberger and Jim Landis, outfielders who hit .230 and .208 for the White Sox last year (Hersherberger had two home runs, Landis one). "Last season we tried to club the opposition to death," explained General Manager Pat Friday, "and the results were very bad." Finley's theory now becomes clear. Though Hersherberger and Landis cannot hit, they can field, and with the fences moved back halfway across the state of Missouri the pitchers won't have nervous breakdowns every time they let go of the ball. "Defense, pitching and speed," said Manager Mel McGaha. "That's the way I like to play it." That was the first plank in Finley's program for building a championship. Plank 2 was the retirement of the sheep that used to graze behind the right-field fence ("They ain't performed," Finley said) and the installation in their place of a 1,265-pound mule named Charlie O. Charlie O—the mule, not the owner—will be brought to the other American League ball parks in a trailer equipped with air conditioning and radio. "If that

doesn't satisfy him I'll install a television set," said Finley. Wait, there's more. For plank 3 Finley traded his bat boy for a hot girl and for plank 4 he purchased an assortment of animals that he evidently will push into action when they are needed. ("First guy in checks the dugout for alligators," says Shortstop Wayne Causey.) Obviously Finley is serious about this championship business.

The Athletics' other big power hitter last year (28 HRs) was Gentle Jim Gentile, who drew the short straw and remained in Kansas City. Finley promised Jim a bonus last season if he hit a big mess of home runs, and "When you're swinging at \$1,000 a swing," said Gentile, "baby, you gotta swing." Now, with a straight face, Jim says, "I'd rather play for a defensive club. It's more fun." At least Gentile will not feel this season that every swing is a financial crisis. Wayne Causey's respectable .281 average will not hurt what attack the A's can muster, and Third Baseman Ed Charles as a better hitter than his .241 average would lead one to believe. The best hitter of all may be Second Baseman Dick Green, who for a while last year swung at every pitch as though he, too, was being paid to hit home runs. "Easy, boy, easy," McGaha told him, but to no avail. Then Green, hitting a futile .201 at the time, jammed one thumb diving into a base and jammed the other thumb hitting a pitch off his fists. Out of sheer necessity—and pain—he had to cut down on his swing. From mid-June Green hit at a .320 clip (lifting his season's average to .264) and, presumably, he understands now what McGaha meant.

### PITCHING

"Our pitching was real bad on paper," said McGaha, and he might have added it was real bad in hotel lobbies, movie theaters and restaurants, too, not to mention ball parks. K.C. pitchers gave up more walks, more hits, more runs, more home runs and hit more batters than any other staff in the majors. They also had the fewest complete games (18). "We couldn't change things on paper," McGaha continued, "but we could move the fences back." Actually McGaha did change things on paper, too: Fred Talbot, the pitcher the A's got in the Colavito trade, is a good one. Diego Segui lost more than twice as many as he won

(8-17), but his problem seems less from what he throws than how he throws, especially with runners on base. If a little flag were to pop up saying "go," it could not be more inviting for steal-conscious base runners. "Then when they do steal one," says Segui, "I get mad and forget how to pitch." Orlando Pena won nearly as often as he lost (12-14) and he, along with Moe Drabowsky, will be among those who start games. Wes Stock, who had a 1.94 ERA, and John Wyatt, who appeared in more games in one season than any other pitcher in history (81), give the A's a first-class bullpen.

### FIELDING

Most of that fusk last winter was about fielding—yes, they were last in the league in fielding, too—and the Athletics no doubt improved themselves with Hersherberger and Landis, who are both outstanding. Tom Reynolds (.313 at Birmingham), who won the left-field spot in spring training with his bat, is a fair fielder. Nelson Mathews and Dagoberto Campanera, a shortstop by trade, will be in reserve. Causey makes the plays at shortstop with a minimum of showboating, and Green covers as much ground as any second baseman in the league. Charles and Gentile are sound at the corners. Bill Bryan and Doc Edwards will share the catching, though neither is likely to replace Elston Howard on the All-Star team.

### OUTLOOK

The Athletics have a good infield and a very impressive mule, but neither does much to change the conviction that this is a solid last-place club.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	10	57	105	42
1963	8	23	89	31
1962	8	22	90	24
1961	9	61	100	42
1960	8	50	96	28

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING	
1964	CAUSEY .281	PENA 17-14	
1963	CAUSEY .280	WICKERHAM 12-16	
1962	SEIBEREN .308	WICKERHAM 11-14	
1961	SEIBEREN .296	BASS 21-11	
1960	D. WILLIAMS .286	SALLEY 18-16	
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTERED IN	
1964	COLAVITO 34	COLAVITO 107	
1963	SEIBEREN 18	SEIBEREN 83	
1962	SEIBEREN 25	SEIBEREN 117	
1961	SEIBEREN 18	SEIBEREN 90	
1960	SEIBEREN 15	SEIBEREN 69	

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## BOSTON RED SOX

### HITTING

With Dick Stuart's powerful bat and five-thumbed glove on hand last season, the Red Sox finished first in batting, second in homers and eighth in the American League. So off to the Philadelphia Phillies went First Baseman Stuart in exchange for left-handed Pitcher Dennis Bennett. Even without Stuart, new Manager Billy Herman has enough dangerous hitters left over to make him grin when he makes up his daily batting order. Tony Conigliaro, who recorded a song called *Playing the Field*, made the big jump from Class A Wellsville to Boston in 1964 and, at 19, hit .290 with 24 home runs. There's no telling how many more homers he might have hit if he hadn't missed six weeks of the season because of hand and arm injuries. And he has a good 15 more years to aim at Fenway Park's inviting left-field fence. The other half of Boston's youthful, hard-to-pronounce hitting duo, Carl Yastrzemski, dropped 32 points from his league-leading .321 in 1963, but he also dropped some excess pounds in the winter and should challenge for the title again. Cleveland Manager Birdie Tebbets thinks Yaz can hit .350. Shortstop Eddie Bressoud is playing more than he did in the National League with the Giants and is responding with better-than-respectable batting averages—a club-leading .293 last year and a .277 average for his three seasons by the Back Bay. Felix Mantilla, slated by Herman for full-time duty at second base, was only three homers behind Stuart's 33 and figures to keep up his surprise slugging, especially at home in Boston, where he can

join Conigliaro in reaping the benefits of The Fence. Frank Malzone at third gets his hit or so a game, season after season. Lee Thomas at first base would help more if he could conquer left-handed pitching. Catcher Boh Tillman, after averaging .226 his first two turns with the Sox, suddenly learned how to hit. He batted .278, with 17 homers.

### PITCHING

Dick (The Monster) Radatz, baseball's best relief pitcher, ran off 10 pounds of lard on Harvard's track in the off season, but he still has 260 pounds or so to put behind his select variety of pitches (fast, faster and laser beam). Even though he doesn't fuss with a curve and only occasionally uses a slider, his sidarm speed makes him the team's most valuable player. Jack Lamabe and lefty Arnold Earley will keep Radatz company in the right-field bullpen.

But Dennis Bennett is the key to the club's hopes, and it looks as though this key won't unlock anything. Bennett's arm, ailing with tendonitis last year, still hurt badly in spring training, and then the left-hander was hospitalized with a pulled back muscle. Without him the Red Sox are in trouble, because after Bennett the left-handed talent drops off sharply, like over a cliff. For right-handers, Herman is counting heavily on veteran Bill Monbouquette (13-14), a 20-game winner in 1963 who had trouble last year but improved at the end of the season, youthful Dave Morehead (8-15), who has junk-heaped his disastrous slider, and hard-throwing Earl Wilson (11-12).

The most impressive fast ball on the team belongs to Jerry Stephenson, the 21-year-old son of a Red Sox scout in California. His fast ball flickers and sails like a 1925 film of a Charleston contest. Veterans gather around the cage when it is Jerry's turn to throw, batting practice. Almost as highly touted is ex-Stanford star Jim Lonborg but, unhappily, both young men had arm troubles in the minors.

### FIELDING

The good-looking infield of Thomas, Mantilla, Bressoud and Malzone averages almost 32 years of age, and it shows its age on ground balls. The fielding would improve markedly if Chuck

Schilling could take over at second again and rookie Rube Petrocelli at short. But Schilling hit .196 with no home runs compared to Mantilla's .289 and 30, and Petrocelli's minor league average was 60 points under Bressoud's major league one. Dalton Jones played half the season at second last year but fielded erratically and batted only .230.

Lenny Green had a fine spring and may play center, though skinny Gary Geiger, troubled by ulcers in the past, is ready to take over again. Either choice will allow Yastrzemski to move back to left, where he is more comfortable. Conigliaro, in right, has good speed and a good arm and is improving all the time. "If he improves much more," said Herman, "they won't have a league for him." The 6-foot-4 Tillman is a dependable catcher.

### OUTLOOK

Boston has finished in the second division six straight times, and it is difficult to imagine the team up there with New York, Chicago, Baltimore and that crowd. Herman predicts the Red Sox will climb two notches, to sixth, and hopes for fourth. Fourth place is a possibility only if Yastrzemski returns to his batting-championship form, if Lonborg and Stephenson become reliable starters, if Monbouquette becomes a 20-game winner again, if Geiger stays relaxed and healthy, if Mantilla keeps hitting home runs, if Conigliaro avoids the sophomore jinx and, most important, if Bennett can come back from his ailments and be the first-rate left-hander the Red Sox need. That's too many ifs.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	8	27	90	27
1963	7	26	85	28
1962	8	26	84	19
1961	6	26	86	33
1960	7	43	89	27

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING		PITCHING		
1964	BRE SSOUD	293	RAOATZ	96.1
1963	YASTRZEMSKI	321	MONBOUQUETTE	20.10
1962	REINHOLDS	326	MONBOUQUETTE	15-13
1961	REINHOLDS	312	SCHWALL	19-7
1960	REINHOLDS	370	MONBOUQUETTE	14-11
HOME RUNS		RUNS BATTED IN		
1964	STUART	33	STUART	114
1963	STUART	42	STUART	118
1962	MALZONE	21	MALZONE	90
1961	GEORGE	18	MALZONE	87
1960	WILLIAMS	29	WERTZ	903



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## LOS ANGELES ANGELS

### HITTING

The baseball on the official Angels' insignia has a pair of wings sprouting from it but, to be more faithful to the record, it should be weighed down by an anchor. The club was last in homers, last in runs batted in and only slightly better (eighth) in team batting average. But because of five young hitters, the Angels may earn their wings this season.

All-Star Shortstop Jim Fregosi is one of the speediest men on the club and has hovered near the .300 mark in each of his three major league seasons. There is no reason to suspect he will slip now that he has passed his 23rd birthday. Right Fielder Lou Clinton hit .311 in the last six weeks of the season, and he may keep it up. Cossen Shockley (36 home runs at Little Rock) came from the Phillies' organization in the Bo Belmsky trade, and what he lacks in Bo's technique with cues and cuties he makes up for in left-handed power. He hit so well in spring training that he probably will be platooned at first base with elderly Joe Adcock. In center field, where little Albee Pearson seems to have had it, the Angels have a racing rookie from Cuba named José Cardenal, who blazes around the bases as if the Fidelistas were in pursuit. Some people doubt he can hit a curve (the Giants gave up on him), but there is no doubt he can field, throw and steal bases. Fifth of the young Angels is Wonderful Willie Smith, ex-ammateur boxer and ex-Detroit pitcher. The latest Willie to crush big-time sports was taken off the mound for good in mid-June after Manager Bill Rigney had made a regular use of his beautiful swing as a pinch

hitter (10 for 22). He finished with a .301 average and is unlikely to be doing any more throwing except from left field. It may have been the happiest pitcher-to-hitter conversion since a minor leaguer named Stan Musial fell on his shoulder in 1940 at Orlando, Fla.

The power of Adcock, Clinton, Fregosi, Shockley, Smith and former Wisconsin football star Rick Richeardi, who may be recalled from the minors early, is useless much of the time in spacious Chavez Ravine. The Angels can't wait to get into their new park in Anaheim next year. "This is just a question of mathematics. Take Adcock, for instance," says Fregosi. "Last year Joe hit 15 home runs on the road and only six at home. If he had been able to stay in the same groove away and at home, he might have had 40 homers."

### PITCHING

The Cy Young Award rests someplace back home in Wooster, Ohio, but Wilmer Dean Chance will have to work hard to keep his position as undisputed king of the Angels' pitching staff, never mind the major leagues. There are some members of the team who think another right-hander, Fred Newman, can win as many games as Chance this year. Newman (13-10, 2.75 ERA) has fine control with his breaking stuff (1.8 walks a game in 1964, second best in the American League) and has gained 20 pounds, which should add more speed to his already effective repertoire. Rigney will have yet a third top right-hander to call on if one of his question marks, Ken McBride, turns into an exclamation point. McBride was 11-5 in 1962, 13-12 in 1963 (when he was the starting pitcher in the All-Star Game), then dinged to 4-13 last season. He worked in the Arizona instructional league in the winter, studied motion pictures of himself and discovered that his delivery was slipping from three-quarter to sidearm. The Angels hope he has corrected the fault.

Like most managers, Rigney could use more left-handers. Marcelino Lopez, a Cuban who had a bad record on a bad team last season in Chattanooga, looks good. He has a sinking fast ball and a fair curve. Another possible left-handed starter is George Brunel, who has played for 20 teams since 1953, mostly in the minors and mostly without success. Big Bob Lee, built along the lines of the

Red Sox' Dick Radatz, had 17 saves and a 1.51 ERA in 64 games last season, all but five in relief, before he broke his hand slugging a heckler. Rigney likes to go to the bullpen, and Lee is the man he goes to most. When Lee gets tired, Rigney will go to rookie Dick Wantz, a 6-foot-5, 190-pound right-handed side-arm who reminds everyone of Ewell Blackwell.

### FIELDING

The Angels are strong up the middle—and not too bad on the sides. Switch-hitting Catcher Bob Rodgers is so-so at the plate but invaluable behind it. Last season he had more assists and fewer passed balls than any other first-string catcher in the league. Fregosi at shortstop and Bobby Knoop at second form one of the best double-play combinations in baseball. Rigney can afford to keep Knoop in the lineup even if he hits .216—which is what he hit last season. Perhaps he should swing at the ball with his glove. If Cardenal plays center he will cover several acres of ground and show a terrific arm. Good-fielding rookie Paul Schaal won the job at third.

### OUTLOOK

Distant fences or not, the Angel batters must give the Angel pitchers some support for the club to stay in the first division (if you call fifth place the first division). With a nice mixture of good young ballplayers and still-capable veterans Los Angeles might even make another 1962-type run at the pennant. But more than likely it will be no higher than fifth again and then on to Anaheim for brighter summers.

#### PAST-PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1964	5	82	88	12
1963	9	70	51	34
1962	3	86	36	10
1961	8	70	50	28½
1960	—	—	—	—

#### INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

BATTING			PITCHING	
1964	FREGOSI	.371	CHANCE	26-8
1963	PEARSON	.304	MCBRIDE	12-12
1962	L. THOMAS	.290	CHANCE	14-10
1961	PEARSON	.289	BOWFIELD	11-9
1960	—	—	—	—
HOME RUNS			RUNS BATTED IN	
1964	ADCOCK	21	FREGOSI	72
1963	WAGNER	26	WAGNER	90
1962	WAGNER	37	WAGNER	107
1960	WAGNER	28	K. HUNT	84
1960	—	—	—	—

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# LOOK! IT'S THE MONSTER

by JOE JARES

**The best relief pitcher in all of baseball is an amiable giant named Dick Radatz who used to play catch with his mother**

Scottsdale and the Arizona desert were full of unforgettable sights during spring training. The giant saguaro cactuses towered like lost telephone poles over the brush-littered sand. The steaks at the Pinnacle Peak Patio looked like cross sections of steers. A blonde bounced her ponytail and everything else doing the swim atop the bar of the Red Dog Go-Go. But the biggest, most awesome, most impressive sight of all was The Monster standing on the mound in Scottsdale Stadium.

The Monster is Dick Radatz, and he is the best relief pitcher in baseball. He won 16 games and lost 9 for the Boston Red Sox last season, with 25 games saved (a "save" in baseball jargon is a game in which a relief pitcher successfully protects a team's lead), and even though Radatz never started a game last season he was responsible, more or less, for 41 of Boston's 72 victories. His trips, in an electric golf cart, from the bullpen in Fenway Park to the mound came to be looked upon as the most important rides in

*continued*





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**THE MONSTER** *continued*

Boston since Paul Revere got the go sign from the Old North Church.

Radatz really does not look like a monster at all, at least not in the sense that he could be adopted by the Addams family. He is handsome, does not lurch when he walks and has unpleasant plans only for opposing hitters in the American League. He is just monstrously big, and when he leans in to get the sign, squeezing the baseball—which suddenly looks like an undersize golf ball—in his right hand, he looks even bigger. He is 6 feet 5 inches tall, and the Red Sox press booklet this spring listed his weight at 235 pounds, which seems to be reverse hyperbole. "Right now," Radatz said in Arizona, "I'm about 245. Or I will be when the season starts." The weight chart in the trainer's room at Scottsdale Stadium indicated 268 pounds. Red Sox Trainer Jack Fadden, sampling a cold-lunch buffet one afternoon in the locker room, guessed it might run as high as 280. Last year, toward the end of the season, teammates and sportswriters covering the Red Sox estimated Dick's weight at anywhere between 275 and 300 pounds. Bob Turley, Boston's pitching coach, had instituted a "fine for fatties" program in an effort to keep his troops in peak condition. The pitchers were weighed once a week, and if they came in over a prescribed limit they were docked a dollar a pound. The Monster and a few other ingenious eaters found a way to rig the scales so that they weighed as much as 15 pounds light.

"I was overweight at the end of last season," Radatz admitted. He had come through the narrow passageway from the dugout to the clubhouse, his spikes hitting into a wooden ramp already chewed into splinters and sawdust by clump-clumping ballplayers, his bulk nearly blotting out the sunlight behind him. Except for his garb, he could have been a defensive tackle for the Chicago Bears coming off the field after a scrimmage. "I knew I had to do something about it. I live near Boston in the off season, so I went to Jack Fadden and told him I'd like to take the weight off. But I wanted to do it the right way. Jack told me about a Boston doctor named Warren Guild, who is an authority on physical fitness, and I went to see him. Dr. Guild's idea is that the best way to lose weight is to exercise. But to exercise in a way that's interesting

to you. I ran. I couldn't think of anything more boring than running, but the more I did it, the more I liked it."

Dr. Guild set a schedule of four 30-minute workouts a week for Radatz beginning early in November that included running, weight lifting and sit-ups. Guild, who is middle-aged, worked out with The Monster once a week. On the first day, as the two of them were driving out to Harvard, Radatz said pleasantly, "You're not such a young man, Doc, so I'll take it easy with you today." Guild smiled and said, "O.K., Dick. That's thoughtful of you." The workout consisted of alternately jogging and sprinting the length and breadth of the football field, and before the 30 minutes were up Radatz was stretched out on the turf, white as an Alabama voter and gasping. Guild, of course, was not even breathing hard.

Radatz did not show up for another training session for two or three weeks, but when he did start the workouts again he was faithful to them for the rest of the winter. "Dick's training program was designed to give him explosive energy," Dr. Guild explained. "They differ from those a distance runner would use, because a marathon runner concentrates on stamina and sustained speed. In Dick's case, where he pitches an inning or two a day, we were looking to develop quick energy and strength."

The strengthened Radatz lounging in the clubhouse in Scottsdale had spent an hour and a half playing in a pepper game and chasing fly balls in the outfield, but his brow and his uniform were dry. This may have been due to the dry Arizona heat, which is fine for aesthetes and prairie dogs but is not conducive to working up the "good sweat" that athletes like, or it may have been the first result of Dr. Guild's conditioning program. If so, Dick may be better prepared for his career-shortening grind of 60 or 70 appearances a year. Last year he pitched in 79 games for the Red Sox, an eighth-place team that needed more relief than Appalachia. That was a major-league record until John Wyatt of the even poorer 10th-place Kansas City Athletics passed him with 81. Relief pitching is a specialty not designed for longevity. There have been a few exceptions among the brotherhood—Hoyt Wilhelm and Elroy Face, for instance—but other relief stars, like Joe Page, Jim Konstanty and Larry Sherry, lost their

powers after a couple of years. So far Radatz has shown no signs of slipping and no twinges of arm trouble.

More than 90% of the pitches he throws are fast balls, with a few sliders mixed in but no curves at all. This lack of variety has not been of much benefit to opposing hitters, possibly because the Radatz fast ball sometimes sinks, sometimes rises and sometimes fools everybody by coming in perfectly straight. The Radatz pitching motion is simple, too. Some very tall right-handers, like Don Drysdale of the Dodgers, throw with an exaggerated sidearm whip, so that the ball seems to be coming at the batter from third base. Radatz does not whip the ball, he powers it. He throws like a golfer with a short backswing—strong, simple, no waste motion.

"Smooth as he is, he should be around for quite a while," said Red Sox General Manager Mike Higgins. "He's had three great years, and he looks better this year than ever. He shows no ill effects from all that pitching."

"If anything is going to prolong my career, it's the fact that I don't throw too many breaking pitches," said Radatz. "With fast balls, all you're doing is stretching muscles. With curves you're twisting them. There may come a day when I don't have the fast ball, but I'll cross that bridge when I get to it."

"I'd be happy this season to save as many games as last year. If I get 25 saves, I'll be pitching well and the wins will take care of themselves. I get a bigger kick out of saving ball games than winning them myself, because relief pitchers are getting recognition now. I think we used to be to baseball what linemen were to football, doing a job and not being noticed. I'd probably be just as disappointed now if they made me a starter as I was in the minor leagues when they made me a reliever."

**T**he Monster's obvious pleasure at saving the day in relief is a far cry from his approach to the game when he was a boy growing up in the suburbs of Detroit and later when he was pitching at Michigan State. The Detroit Tigers stopped paying attention to him when he was a college sophomore. A Tiger scout says, "He was nothing but a big, lazy kid who didn't care about anything." Maurice DeLoof, a Red Sox scout in the Detroit area and the man who eventually

signed him to his first professional contract, saw him first when he was a 14-year-old freshman at Berkley High, just outside Detroit, and watched him off and on for eight years.

"He was a big, overgrown kid," DeLoof recalled a few weeks ago. "He kind of stumbled when he ran, and he couldn't walk too well. He never was able to get all his strength into his throwing. And he never did seem to have great desire in those days. When the hitters got to him and he was taken out he seemed real satisfied to come out. It was hard to judge him. He didn't seem to want to buckle down in a game."

Still, he pitched three no-hitters in high school and was offered a \$4,000 bonus to sign with the Baltimore Orioles, which he turned down. His father, Norman Radatz, who was sitting in the sun behind the third-base dugout in Scottsdale Stadium watching his son, The Monster, pitch, said, "At Berkley High he was top dog in everything. He was No. 1 pitcher in the area, All-County center in basketball, honorable-mention All-State end in football for two years. But baseball was definitely his best sport. I wish I had the headline here to show you: PREP'S EARNED RUN AVERAGE 0.18. That's 0 point one eight. I had that framed. I treasure that."

"Summertime he'd have a baseball in his hand, and in the wintertime it was a football. I had to put a backboard up for him in the yard, and I'd come home and find him playing basketball with his mother. She sure is a fan. She's come down here to Arizona for three years now to watch Dick and the Red Sox in spring training. She was his catcher when he was in high school—I'd come home and she'd be outside playing catch with him. And by the hour. Of course, I used to catch him a lot, too. But after he went to college he got so darn fast that I couldn't see the ball. He was tall and slim in high school, but when he went to college he broadened right out."

Radatz went to Michigan State, where he studied physical education. He gave up basketball after his freshman season, never did play football and was far from an instant success in baseball. A teammate of his at Michigan State was a New Jersey boy named Ron Perranoski, now the top relief pitcher for the Los Angeles Dodgers. "Dick was strong even then," Perranoski said this spring. "His fast ball moved well, but he couldn't throw hard."

continued



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## THE MONSTER

He never seemed to be able to get his body behind the pitch. It was just a question of his coordination catching up with his body development."

When they were sophomores, Perranoski began to pitch regularly, but the Moose, as Radatz was known in those carefree pre-Monster days, was strictly a spectator in uniform. "In the last game of the year," Perranoski said, "we were playing Iowa, and we were losing about 6-1 late in the game. Radatz hadn't pitched one inning all year, but the coach yelled down to him to warm up. I saw him loosening up, and I went over to him and said, 'Dick, this doesn't make sense. You'll lose a whole year of eligibility for pitching one inning. Tell the coach you have a sore arm.'"

Radatz did just that, and the varsity year he saved was an important factor in his eventual success. "The summer after Dick's junior year of eligibility," Perranoski added, "we played in South Dakota, and Radatz got to pitch three or four times a week. Every time he pitched he got better, and the next spring he was an All-America pitcher and got that good bonus from the Red Sox."

"I really got to like him in his last year at Michigan State," said Maurice DeLoof. "It was in a game against Western Michigan, and he had a real good day. He must have had 14 or 15 strikeouts. And he looked like he had great desire to win—he really wanted to beat that club—and that really impressed me. I talked to Dick and his father at their home. They wanted too much money. I made an offer, and they wouldn't take it. So I left his house."

"But I couldn't shake him from my mind. I was up in Canada, and the thought of him went to bed with me. I would think about him before I went to sleep and think about him first thing in the morning when I woke up. I felt he'd be a good big league pitcher. Finally I sent him a telegram and told him to wait before signing with anyone. When I got home we talked again. Then they liked the figure I gave. It was around \$20,000, but some of it was on a contingent basis. He had to earn that part. Even when I signed him, I had a little doubt."

There was not much competition for him, according to DeLoof. "That's why he waited for me. There were maybe four clubs at the most that talked to him, and his figure was too high for them."

They walked out of his house and never went back. They didn't think much of him. If they could have gotten him for \$5,000, O.K. But he wanted more. When I went back I didn't have to outbid anyone. Everything went pretty smooth. Now if Boston didn't have him they wouldn't have a ball club. Though I still don't know how he manages to pitch so much and not get arm trouble."

Radatz, still a starter, began his professional career with Raleigh in 1959. He was moved up to the top Red Sox farm club at Minneapolis during the season of 1960. Notified of his promotion on a Thursday, he piled his wife, Sharon, their first child, Dick Jr., and all their luggage into a station wagon and drove all day and most of the night to his parents' home in Michigan. He spent the day getting his family settled, slept a few hours and got up at 5 the next morning to catch a plane for Minneapolis. That afternoon he started one game of a doubleheader. He struck out nine and allowed no hits in five innings but had to be taken out because of a blister on the middle finger of his pitching hand. A few days later he started again, and part way through the game his catcher walked out to the mound.

"Let me see your hand," he said.

"It's all right," answered Radatz.

"Then why is there blood on the ball?" asked the catcher.

Dick came out of that game with a finger split wide open, but he had a good season and in 1961 was assigned to train with Seattle, which had taken Minneapolis' place in the Red Sox farm system. By then he had a callus built up on that tender middle finger, but another problem had developed.

"I went to spring training with a sore arm," he said. "I missed the first three weeks, and then came cutoff time. I thought I might be sent down to a lower club. Johnny Pesky was managing Seattle, and he asked me if I could pitch, and I had my doubts. But I pitched, and I had a real good day. The next morning I went to the ball park, and Johnny told me he was keeping me with Seattle as a relief pitcher. My heart went down to my shoes. I said, 'Johnny, don't do me any favors. Let me go down to a ball club where I can pitch every four days.' He said, 'Don't worry, I'm going to pitch you every day.'"

Radatz appeared in 54 games for Seattle that season and had a 2.28

earned run average. He won a job with the Red Sox in 1962, pitched in 62 games, had a superb 2.23 ERA and won *The Sporting News* Fireman of the Year award as the best relief pitcher in the American League. In 1963 he lost the relief-pitching title to Stu Miller of Baltimore but won 15 games against six losses and had a 1.98 F.R.A. He won 10 games in a row, one of them an 8-2 3-inning relief job in Detroit. After his impressive performance last season he regained the Fireman trophy.

Radtz works irregular shifts and almost always at night, but he makes more money than he ever would have made as a physical education teacher. He watches most of each game from the bullpen, the worst seat in the ball park, and he enters games only when disaster is about to strike, but his ability to pitch the Red Sox out of trouble has brought him widespread fame, particularly in Boston. That, and a good voice, have landed him high-paying broadcasting jobs on Boston radio and television stations, and he is in constant demand for paid speaking engagements (51 last winter). The only reservation he might have about his job is that nickname, The Monster.

"I never objected to it, though I thought one article about it in a Los Angeles newspaper was lousy," Radtatz said. "The guy wrote, 'The Monster is coming to town, keep your children off the streets.' And that was the nicest thing he said about me in the whole article. I told him off about it in the dressing room, and some of the Boston writers overheard me. They started a contest to find a new nickname for me. It sold a lot of papers." Actually, just one paper conducted the contest, but it received a carload of entries, among them the splendidly obvious "Moby Dick." Boston is very big on whales. But the winner was "Smokey Dick," a multiple pun that started with Moby Dick and went on to include references to Radtatz' fast ball and both his physical and occupational resemblance to the celebrated conservationist, Smokey the Bear, who puts out fires, too.

A few days later Radtatz approached a Boston sportswriter and growled, "Smokey Dick stinks. I want to be The Monster again."

And that, in the press box, on the mound and on the scales, is what he has been ever since.

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**Gallet**  
Chronographs

Governor Pat (Skinn) Brown of California pitted his 190 pounds (conservative estimate) against blonde, slender ex-Olympian Mariel Davis Grosfeld in a push-up contest (below) when Mrs. Grosfeld visited his office during a Campbell Soup Company-sponsored tour to attract teen-age girls in physical fitness. Mrs. Grosfeld did four quick push-ups. Brown did, too. His tie popped out. He got up. "I haven't done this in a long time," he said, his face the color of tomato soup.

Tommy Mason, the Minnesota Vikings' best fullback, relaxed in a small apartment near the Carolina Yacht Club, examining his bare feet and petting a four-foot-long agouti. Prospective prosperity is always relaxing. "Two friends and I have bought this sugarcane property in British Honduras," he said. "I just got back, and we figure if we can get proper machinery we can gross \$2 million a year." The agouti? Mason brought four of the reprehensible-reptiled reptiles back for a very specific purpose. "First thing I do now is rate one up and ship it to the Dutchman," he snickered. Viking Coach Norm Van Brocklin's gonna be surprised when he opens that crate.

"Let's welcome the Mets back to town with a real Mets parade," suggested Actor Eli Wallach. "We'll march the wrong way down a one-way street." The suggestion was offered in scorn, not for Wallach is a disgruntled Dodger fan. "It hasn't been the same since Brooklyn left Brooklyn." Has Wallach seen the Mets or does he plan to? "Never."

French skiers Christine and Marielle Goisichel and Christine Jernholm vacationed in Hawaii after their U.S. tour. While sister Christine, who was awed by the size of the Pacific waves, sunned on the beach, the other two spent the daylight hours learning to surf off Waikiki. Said Marielle, "There is much similarity between skiing and surfing, particularly in maintaining equilibrium. But skiing is much less tiring. You don't use your arms so much." What the three were all using by their last day was University of Hawaii T-shirts. Sunburned sore, they discovered that the tropical Hawaiian sun was a bit too hot for their liking.

Former Olympic silver-medal broad jumper Dr. Meredith (Flash) Gourline, now an engineering physicist in New Jer-

sey, has a revolutionary process that causes factory smoke to purify itself. Based on a highly secret method of converting heat directly into electrical energy, the process—80% cheaper than present systems—uses electricity generated from the hot smoke to magnetize the chimney. Impurities then stick to the stack. And the method can be applied to automobile exhausts, or even to cigars or cigarettes. "I think I could make a holder that would take so much out of cigarette smoke that it might be almost tasteless," says Dr. Gourline, thoughtlessly hurling a real challenge at Madison Avenue. Mild, huh? Man, these are results mild.

Lyndon Johnson watched the first ball game played in Houston's domed stadium from Center Ray Hofheinz's two-story "box" and, like everyone else, was impressed. But, although the bathroom fixtures may be sprayed with gold velveteen and the living room may boast a gold dragon, though the sauna may be complete in every detail, the box is still 140 feet from home plate. Lady Bird had to watch the game through binoculars.

That Irvine Warburton who won an Oscar for Best Film Editing for *Mary Poppins* was Cotton Warburton, all-time USC football immortal and an All-America in 1933. Then and now, Cotton could cut.

The first man to test the giant slalom course at the National Alpine Championships at Crystal Mountain, Wash. was Governor Daniel Jackson Evans. Before he made the run, Dan Evans said he was terrified by the idea, 21 wanted to try it anyway and suspected a spectacular spill. When Evans looked down the 83-gate, 2,400-foot-drop men's course, he prudently decided to go down the somewhat shorter women's course instead. Even so, the governor had two tragic foundering. But

each time he got up, and finally he finished, a minute and a half slower than the eventual ladies' winner, Nancy Greene.

Sir Stanley Matthews, age 50, Britain's knighted soccer hero, plays his last game on April 25. Not unimpressingly, since Matthews has been to soccer what Musial was to baseball, Prince Philip intends to be there to watch him. With him in the royal box will be a man unknown to the spectating thousands—Richard Wynn, a Toronto chiropractor who has been credited with saving Matthews' career. Three years ago Matthews, his aging body aching, was in Canada, playing exhibitions and looking as if each game might be his last. Wynn performed whatever magic chiropractors perform, and Matthews was soon playing full speed, and as well as ever.

Dr. Jerrold Zacharias, prominent MIT physicist, told an education writers' seminar, "For physics teachers, if you give me my pick between a football coach who really likes kids and a stuffed owl with a Ph.D., I'll take the football coach every time. He cares, and he'll learn as he goes." The result of the opposite choice, Dr. Zacharias complained, is that "our schools have been set up to produce a sea of uniform mice."

Mrs. Clint Murchison Jr., who had been shopping around for a lead for a benefit play, was delighted to discover that one of her husband's quarterbacks once won a high school acting contest. Quick as you could say, "Curtain," the former Berrymore of Mount Vernon, Texas—Don Meredith—was installed as leading man in *20th Century*, presented at the Dallas Theater Center. "Show us in my blood," said Meredith. "Besides, Mrs. Murchison insisted." Meredith is wisely keeping it secret that he also won a high school contest for writing poetry.





## A cocky kid makes a grand slam bid

Jeff Rubens, a lanky, 23-year-old math wizard who became a Life Master at 20, won his first national championship last month when he took the Men's Pair title in the Spring Nationals in Cleveland. Two days later, playing with a different partner, he bagged a second national honor—the Men's Team Championship. He won both events so convincingly that no one was eager to bet against his chances of completing the grand slam by winning the Open Pairs and the Vanderbilt Cup as well.

Rubens, for one, thought he had a chance, but then Jeff would. He is a cocky young man, as one can easily gather from listening to him talk for 10 seconds or so. When the

word of his victory in the Men's Pairs reached the press room, someone remarked: "I'm glad Jeff won. It will do wonders for his inferiority complex." However, after you get to know Rubens, his cockiness is less annoying. He is as devastating in his criticism of himself as he is of others, and he has the competence to back up his enormous self-confidence.

Though young, Rubens can play his cards with the old masters, as illustrated by the hand shown from the Men's Pair event he won with Larry Rosler, 30-year-old Bell Labs physicist, for whom it was also a first national win.

Rubens himself calls the bidding weird; not having an intermediate two-bid, he violated theory when he chose to open two no trump. North's three-club bid asked about majors and his four-heart rebid confirmed spade support, but South was not entirely certain of that, and the rest of his bidding was to maneuver a spade confirmation from North. When he got it, Rubens bid the grand slam.

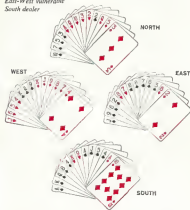
When South won the club ace and got the bad news on laying down the spade ace, a hand that at first appeared to involve no more than a trump split or a favorable situation in hearts suddenly became so difficult that you might try to solve it as a double-dummy problem before you read how Rubens brought home his 13 tricks.

Needing to lead spades twice from dummy, he could afford only one club ruff. He used this to take the first trump finesse. Then he got back to dummy by overtaking his heart king with the ace! Another spade finesse cleared the trump suit, and up to the time South drew East's last trump West had no serious discarding difficulties, letting go of four diamonds. But when South cashed his fifth spade, West was unable to discard safely. A club discard would set up South's jack, and a diamond discard would leave the king unguarded. Either play would merely postpone the inevitable, the eventual setting up of the heart suit. When South cashed either the club jack or the diamond 10, West would have to yield still another indispensable card. Actually, West let go a heart. South led his 9 of hearts, finessed dummy's 10, dropped West's jack under the queen and won the last tricks with dummy's 3 and 2 in the heart suit.

Jeff Rubens did not win the Open Pairs or the Vanderbilt Cup, as it turned out. It was an oversight he expects to correct next year.

END

East-West vulnerable  
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3 H.T.	PASS	2♣	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
1♠	PASS	5♥	PASS
6♣	PASS	6♣	PASS
7♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of clubs

## Quick young ladies of quality

**An unheralded trio of teen-agers led the touring U.S. women to a brace of surprising European wins**

The last time a big U.S. women's track team invaded Europe, the girls fell flatter than a bride's soufflé. The place was Moscow, and the tremors from that debacle were felt even in Washington. This month the girls went back, and for the first time, either indoors or out, they won an international match. Then, to prove the win was not mere luck, they repeated the victory five days later. The performances were stunning because they were so unexpected. Traveling with the American men's teams, which easily won both its matches in London and Berlin, the girls were supposed to be weak. "This was going to be our building year," explained the women's team manager, Dr. Maria Sexton. "We had a good team, but nobody expected a winning one."

In the past American men's teams have tended to regard female athletes as just so much unnecessary baggage. On this trip the men learned to regard the girls with proprietorial pride, and before the meet with West Germany they presented each of them with a small ornamental key, the type you hang on a charm bracelet. The girls had started swiftly in London. Lynn Graham, who is only 17 but is already being bracketed with Russian Shotputter Tamara Press, quietly broke Earlene Brown's American record while winning at Wembley Stadium. It was several days later before anybody realized what she had accomplished with her throw of 49 feet 7 3/4 inches. "I knew I'd done it," said Lynn,

"but I didn't think it was worth mentioning."

A lot of knowing people think Miss Graham, who measures 5 feet 10 1/4 inches and weighs 195 pounds, can be the world record holder in three years. In the opinion of Shotputter John McGrath, she has more powerful legs and hips than Miss Press and a good, natural snap. Currently, however, her technique is practically nonexistent. A high school senior in Pasadena, Calif., Lynn says that she took up the shot and discus in September 1963 and just a few weeks ago began formal training under Olga Connolly, the Olympic discus thrower. As she tells you this, she sits comfortably twiddling her thumbs. "Everybody tells me I should be thinking about the things I do wrong, but I don't," she admitted. "I just try to do my best." And how far is that? "I'd like to throw 60 next year, and then, . . ." Her voice trails off, a wistful look comes into her eyes, and her thumbs start to twiddle madly.

The British did not include a women's 880-yard race in London, which was probably prophetic. Marie Mulder of the U.S. won an invitation event over the distance with ease, and her time of 2 minutes 15 seconds beat the United Kingdom all-comers' record by half a second. But it was her style rather than her speed that captured the public imagination. Walter Hass, the combined team's manager, says Marie's stride is 18 inches longer than that of most girls, and it seems even longer still as she glides over the ground with a natural grace that reminds one of Herb Elliott.

A pretty, 15-year-old brunette with hazel eyes, Marie is of Dutch-Indonesian descent. She has three sisters and four brothers and comes, at the moment, from Sacramento, Calif. Recently, her father, Carel Mulder, became Assistant Chief of Medical Care for the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare in Washington. Marie was spotted at a meet by Will Stephens, her high school track coach, when she was a 14-year-old taking part in a race for the first time in her life. She did not win, but Stephens was impressed and soon had her running on his Spikettes team. Two days after her 15th birthday, Marie set a new U.S. citizens' record of 2 minutes 11.4 seconds for 880 yards. An extremely intelligent girl, she digs classical music,

collects funny hats (including a fez that she wore continually in Berlin) and is a whiz at algebra.

In Germany, Marie renewed a battle with Antje Gleichfeld, who ran second in the AAU indoor championship 800 as Marie came in fourth. Gleichfeld, at 27, is a considerably more experienced competitor, so it was hardly surprising that Marie, with an irritating heel bruise on her right foot, finished behind Antje once again. Marie nevertheless clocked 2 minutes 8.3 seconds, faster than any American woman had ever run the distance indoors. Miss Gleichfeld's own time—2 minutes 7.1 seconds—was a world record.

The superior quality of American women came clearly into focus on the first night of the Berlin meet in the dramatic 760-meter relay. Barbara Ferrell, running the first leg, told the starter she was not quite ready. Failing to understand her, he fired the gun, catching her unawares. Barbara lost 10 yards but had practically made it up when she handed the baton to Valerie Carter. As Miss Carter, running shoulder to shoulder with her opponent, came off the bend into the backstretch, her hand suddenly went down to the back of her right thigh. She had been struck with a massive cramp. It felt, Valerie said later, as if someone had grabbed her leg and tried to pull the muscle away. The normal reaction of any runner faced with such pain would be to halt immediately, but rather than see her team lose the two points it would earn merely for finishing, she half hopped and half ran—screaming in agony all the way—nearly 100 meters to hand off the baton. As a result of her courageous action, the women's team had its two points and went into the second night with the match tied at 31-31—its members more determined than ever to triumph.

Not all the stars were women in the Berlin meet. Ted Nelson, a half mile from Canoga Park, Calif. who until recently was serving in the U.S. Army in Turkey, won the 800 meters in 1 minute 47.4 seconds, beating the old indoor mark held jointly by Bill Crothers of Canada and Jorg Lawrenz of West Germany by 2.1 seconds. A sparse 6-footer running in his first indoor season (his best outdoor time over the distance was 1 minute 48.2 seconds last summer and he finished seventh in the first Olympic

continued





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trials), Nelson was voted the outstanding male athlete of the meet, while Miss Gleichfeld received the female award. The second night, Mike Larrabee, the Olympic Gold Medal winner, set a new 400-meter indoor record of 46.8 over his distance. If Larrabee had not run the previous night (in a relay) he believes he could have gone faster. "At 31," he said, "I'm getting old."

But it was back to the women and, more specifically, Janell Smith, for the fourth and last record set in Berlin. In London, Miss Smith had already run a faultless 600-yard race, bursting from the start to take the lead and never relinquishing it. A 17-year-old blonde, with blue eyes and creamy complexion, she comes from Fredonia, a small community in Kansas. In Tokyo she set an American record of 54.5 in the 400-meter semifinal. Her time on the Berlin track was better, 54 flat, beating by 1.6 seconds the world indoor record set by Australia's Judith Amoore in the U.S. this winter. Janell ran as fierce a race as she had in London, leading from the start, floating in the middle and finishing with a kick.

As a girl who runs, Miss Smith feels she is an oddity back home in Kansas. "I'm afraid when I go to college next year, I might be looked down upon because I'm an athlete," she said in Berlin. Apart from running, she likes dancing and pop music (her current favorites: The Temptations and The Supremes) and reading Nevil Shute. Her mother sometimes wishes she had taken up the piano, but Janell's only obvious music talent is the lyrical quality her voice takes on when she recites her training schedule. "In the summer," she explained, "I train twice a day, in the morning for an hour and in the evening for about two hours. In the winter I train 1½ hours or so after school. On the first day I do six or seven 110s, the second day three or four 220s, the third day two or three 330s, the fourth day two 660s, the fifth day two or three 880s, the sixth day a long-distance run on the track or a cross-country run over the roads and hills. And the seventh day I do eight or nine 60s and practice starts and floating. It's real important to be relaxed."

Janell Smith's schedule should be set to music forthwith and sung by all girls who want to relax and break records with charm.

END



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BOWLING / Joe Jares

## The poor man's tour begins to strike it rich

Professional bowling is not as lucrative as professional golf, but last week Bowler Bill Hardwick won more money than Golfer Jack Nicklaus

The six-year-old Professional Bowlers Association is out to match, if not surpass, the status and wealth of the more established Professional Golfers Association, and although the difference between the two groups is still approximately the difference between beer and champagne the gap is closing. The PBA has imitated golf by organizing its own successful winter and summer tours, some 30 to 40 tournaments that range from Miami to Seattle and are worth some \$1.2 million in prize money. Like golf, many of these tournaments are carried on national television. Finally, to give its image polish the PBA has, in recent years, altered much of its basic terminology. Alleys are now lanes, gutters are channels, and pins—into which pins are sent flying—are receptacles.

Last week the PBA took still another major step forward, staging the kind of event that is certain to attract more attention to the sport than any dozen euphemisms. Into Akron, Ohio came 43 of the finest bowlers in the country to compete in the \$100,000 Firestone Tournament of Champions. The first prize of \$25,000, which was won by 23-year-old Bill Hardwick, was easily the highest in the history of bowling. It was also \$5,000 more than Jack Nicklaus earned for winning the Masters, a fact that delighted the PBA. Firestone also put up \$12,500 for second place and \$6,500 for third. Even dead last was worth \$1,000, which not so long ago was considered pretty good first-place money for some bowling tournaments. Stops on the tour are arranged so that, as in golf, the bowlers can conveniently move from one place to the next by car. They regularly hit such big cities as Detroit, Philadelphia and Montreal, but once in a while they pack into an outpost like the Tokay Bowl in Lodi, Calif. From

only three stops in 1959 and seven in 1960, the PBA tour has grown to more than 30 tournaments a year. Promoters in Australia and Japan have sent feelers, and next month a handful of the top bowlers will compete in Caracas, Venezuela.

The Tournament of Champions, the tour and the PBA itself are the promotions of Eddie Elias, a nonbowling Akron lawyer who acts as a sort of all-purpose business manager for professional bowling. Although he also represents several pro golfers, Elias thinks bowling is by far the better game for television, especially since preliminary-round scores in the PBA tournament are thrown out and the three top men go into the televised final round all even.

"When the Masters came on television last year," he said, "you could see immediately that Arnold Palmer was the winner. For an hour and a half people knew. What suspense is there? Golf leaves it to chance, we don't. For two years CBS Golf Classic has been run head-to-head against the professional bowlers' tour every week. They clear a few more stations than we do, which gives them an advantage, but we have consistently higher ratings. CBS is coming up with its own bowling show this year, the follow-up to CBS Golf Classic. I guess when they saw we beat the heck out of their show, they thought they better come up with a CBS Bowling Classic."

"I've often had the feeling—and I think it's correct—that bowling is like a quiz show. If he does it he wins money. If he doesn't he loses, or at least he doesn't get as much. It's simple. People can understand it."

The man who "does it" more often than anybody is Dick Weber, who is so skinny he would not be able to slip in

extra "B" into his name and still make it fit on the back of his bowling shirt. He appears too frail to lift his 16-pound hard-rubber ball, yet, going into the Tournament of Champions, he was the tour's leading money winner (\$27,840) and was also the ultimate PBA leader (\$169,235). He makes additional pin money from two St. Louis bowling establishments, endorsements and TV shows. Elias is currently negotiating a five-year contract with an automatic pin-setting company for him that will bring in about \$40,000 a year.

Weber is the best example of how rolling strikes—strikes are still called strikes—can pay off these days. In 1954 he was a \$3,700-a-year mail clerk in Indianapolis, and his wife had to rob the piggy bank to send him to occasional tournaments. One day he signed a contract with the old Budweiser team of St. Louis against the will of his father and packed his wife, their two children and all their belongings into a decrepit 1948 Plymouth. The cracked car windows were repaired with tape and would not roll down, and he had to stop every few hours to buy crankcase oil, but he made it to Missouri. He was wearing his only suit, a double-breasted brown creation that no self-respecting skid row bum would pass out in. It had lapels reaching to his shoulders and wide pin stripes. His tie was so wide it looked like a bib.

Budweiser bought him a new outfit before he was allowed to pose for the team picture.

Today Weber works for himself and dresses well enough to pose for men's fashion ads. So could most of the bowlers on the tour—except when they are bowling. The men battling for wads of Firestone's cash last week were all winners of at least one PBA event apiece since the last tournament of champions in May 1962, yet they sold space on their backs like bus-stop benches or sandwich boards. Their shirts advertised such things as howling gloves, department stores, car dealers and even a diner in Syracuse. Image, image, where are you?

While most professional bowlers approve of the growing tour, there is a small dissident group which pines for the old days of the brewery teams. "The Budweiser people were spending \$125,000 a year on howling," says Tom Hennessey. "If I went to a tournament and won \$300, I made a \$300 profit, because they paid my expenses. Now if I win \$300 I break even. The guys on the team were there to help one another. Today the game has changed. If you're down they want to see you stay down. Then they don't have to worry about beating you. This is mean competition."

The bowling at Akron was just such a competition. Under the format of the tournament the howlers competed for

(continued)



DROPPING TO ONE KNEE, TOURNAMENT WINNER BILL HARDWICK ROOTS HOME A STRIKE

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five days, after which all but the top three were eliminated. Weber led the way into the finals, reading the boards the way a golfer reads the green. It was almost as if the pins were fainting at the sight of him. He led at the ends of all rounds but the first and seemed to be coasting as the mortals beneath him fought for the other two positions in the finals. Hardwick, who was the leading money winner in 1963, finished behind Weber, using his claw grip. Hardwick injured the ring finger of his right hand in a high school machine shop, forcing him to use only the middle and index fingers. More than 200 pins behind him was Joe Joseph of Lansing, Mich., as round as the ball he throws.

The finals consisted of two anticlimactic and rather inconclusive games. Weber's 163-pin lead over Hardwick and his 425-pin lead over Joseph, built up over a full week of bowling, should have allowed him to drop-kick his ball down the lanes and still win but—loyal to the winter tour format and the television

ratings—the bowlers started from scratch in an effort to provide a slambang finish for home viewers. Television made other demands and, of course, they were met. Instead of using the center lanes, the competitors bowled at one end so that half the live audience either had to use telescopes or watch silent, fuzzy TV monitors. While the same live audience twiddled its thumbs, TV had a ludicrous 23-minute intermission between games for a dab of track and field from the Southwest and what seemed to be an anthology of commercials.

Weber had the choice of going first, second or third, and he chose to start. He threw five straight strikes. Joseph could not keep up, but young Hardwick, who had been so nervous that morning that he had slapped on his after-shave lotion before realizing he had not yet shaved, matched him frame for frame. Weber broke the string by sparing the sixth. So did Hardwick. Then Weber proved himself human by sparing the seventh and eighth. Hardwick

threw strikes in both frames and won the game, 258-231. Even though Weber won the second game, he could not make up the 27-pin deficit, and Hardwick walked off with \$25,000.

Despite the unsatisfactory final, it was a good tournament overall. More than 5,000 people stood or sat in uncomfortable temporary bleachers through the seven afternoon and evening rounds at Akron's Bowlamara, and even the opening-day practices drew 300 to 400 people. True, the tournament lacked the tradition of the Masters' golf and was way short on beauty, but when a bowler failed to keep an important string of strikes going the crowd groaned just as if Arnold Palmer had missed a putt. The fans were knowledgeable, noisy and appreciative.

Even before the qualifying rounds were over, pleased Firestone officials announced they would sponsor the Tournament of Champions again in 1966, and offer another \$100,000. That's what is known as bowling green. **END**

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monumental round of golf. He hit five drives that he rated as "bud," but the rest of his game was so sharp and his putting touch was so delicate that he demonstrated the single most depressing fact that the touring pros have to contemplate in their spare time: even when he is not at his absolute peak, Nicklaus can shoot the kind of scores that others can achieve only on a day of miracles. Bob Jones was not talking idly when he recently described Nicklaus as "the greatest golfer who ever lived."

It took a bit of prodding from the press before Nicklaus would eventually concede that his 64 was "as fine a round as I've ever had." Even then he felt obliged to qualify the statement by adding, "except for my bud drives; but as far as knowing what I was doing with the ball." He refused to speculate on what the next day might bring. "I just want to finish one stroke ahead of the field," he insisted, "I'll just go out there and try to play it the way I did today." When he realized what he had said, he broke out laughing.

Sunday was strictly for laughs, and whatever the scalpers were getting for tickets they should have been ashamed to be selling entry to a sporting event that was already over. Before Nicklaus could even tee off, the rest of the contenders—if that's what they could be called—were having more troubles. Nicklaus never did have any, and though he later said he did not relax until he was past the dangerous 12th hole, his 69 had a commanding, effortless air about it. Without a doubt he had taken possession of the Augusta National course as well as seizing a host of its records. When his last putt fell he snatched the ball out of the hole and joyously threw it into the crowd. Within minutes he was accepting the traditional green coat and the big trophy, and Masters officials can be excused if they were keeping a close eye on the Eisenhower cottage. It was about the only thing around that Nicklaus had not taken as his own.

"I have an aversion to superlatives," Bobby Jones told Jack Nicklaus at the presentation ceremonies, "but this was the greatest performance in all golfing history."

And then, moments later and before a much smaller audience, the man who founded the Masters added another thought. "Palmer and Player played superbly," he said. "Nicklaus plays a game with which I am not familiar."

END



*Nicklaus steps with ebullience into an era of golf that promises to be unlike any before it*

from a guy who said he was an old grad of Indiana University. He got me on the phone and spelled it right out. "Look, Wilt," he said. "I don't care what Kansas offered you to play, and it must be quite a chunk. Whatever it is, we'll double it. And we'll get you a brand-new car, too."

I told the guy, no, thanks. I told him I already had a car of my own—it was a 1949 Oldsmobile that I had bought with the money I made as a borscht belhoper. And I told him that I just had a scholarship—no money—at Kansas. Which was all I wanted.

Two weeks later a thing happened that bugged me for years. Indiana's Coach Branch McCracken told a luncheon meeting—I guess I'll never know if he was serious—that "we couldn't afford that boy Wilt. He's just too rich for our blood." He also said something about a mysterious agent for an unnamed basketball player calling him and saying he—the agent—could deliver the player to Indiana for \$5,200. In both cases, McCracken left the impression I was being paid to go to Kansas, you see? And that was not true.

But, even with all that, Kansas was great, and I'll never regret my three years there. In my first game on the varsity as a soph, I scored 52 points—the opposing center, Joe Ruklick, was 6 feet 11, by the way—and people in the Midwest began going a little wild. That was the year we went all the way, almost. We got to those 1957 NCAA finals by the toughest route you can imagine, baby. We had to go into Dallas to play SMU. We beat them, and they hadn't lost a game on their home floor in over three years. Then we took on Oklahoma City U. at Dallas and beat them. We buried San Francisco in Kansas City in the semis, and by the time for the finals we had beaten some of the best teams in the whole country. We were ready for anybody.

That North Carolina game—with Frank McGuire coaching them—was a study in tragedy. We started right out already choked up to *here*, and in a few minutes it was 19-7 for them. Then we got hot. McGuire had me boxed in with a gang of defenders—it was the kind of action that later helped to drive me away from college ball—and I couldn't even move. But, with about a minute to go in regular time, we were leading by three points. With 20 seconds to go, we were still ahead by one point, and then we fouled one of their guys and he tied it

up. Everything sort of goes *loopy* after that, in the overtimes. But I remember that we were ahead again by a point, with less than 10 seconds to go, and again we fouled one of them. I think it was Joe Quigg. He hit both shots, and when it was all over they had beaten us in three overtimes 54-53. I had 23 points, and they had the title.

After that, college ball steadily got to be less and less fun. I'll tell you why I quit. We were tough. Here was Kansas with a 7-foot, 230-pound center, and other schools began to play us in a certain way. In 1958 we played Nebraska, and I scored 46 points to break the Big Eight scoring mark. Then we moved to Colorado. You know the part where the two centers shake hands in the middle of the floor before the game starts? Well, the Colorado center belled right up to me.

"Man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said.

"Who, me? What did I ever do?" I asked him.

"You're just taking unfair advantage of your big size," he said. "And you're pouring it on all these *little* teams, and you should be ashamed."

**M**an, that boy psyched me so bad I scored *six* points that night, and we had a tough time winning. And the other teams were working a different kind of strategy. Coaches began to pile *four* guys on me and leave one guy to watch the rest of the Kansas squad. I was collapsed on so much I thought I was going to spend the rest of my life looking out at the world through wiggling fingers and forearms and elbows. Our games began to go something like 48 points, and it got to be anything but basketball the way it should be played. It got to be a kind of *play* on basketball. Here's Oklahoma State and Coach Hank Iba. People called this the greatest defensive unit in the country. No wonder. In one game Oklahoma passed the ball back and forth 150 times before taking a shot. *This* is basketball!

As if *that* wasn't enough, there were investigators hanging around the edge of my vision, you know? Once in Kansas City they put me in a little room like a prisoner and put the whole interview on tape. The interviewer had his questions framed like something out of a murder mystery. "Did you do this and so?" he

would ask. And, "Tell us again where you got that Olds convertible." By the end of my junior year I had had it up to here. I waited until after my finals, and I talked to Chancellor Murphy. I've got a chance to make some big money, I told him. And I'm going to have only so many years—*young* years—when I'm going to be strong enough to make it. My family could use the help. Dr. Murphy generally tended to agree with my move—but finish college when you can, sometime, he said—and I left Kansas.

In those days I had this wild plan to go barnstorming around the world with my own pro team. But a little fat man canceled that show. I had been drafted by the Philadelphia Warriors, but I couldn't join them until my college class graduated at Kansas. Another rule, you know. So Abe Saperstein, who owned the Harlem Globetrotters (and who also owned a piece of the Warriors; not many people knew that), said, "Baby, come play with me for a year and make some money."

I'm no comedy star, but Saperstein and Eddie Gottlieb of the Warriors got together and started me with a basic salary of about \$65,000 to go Globetrotting. By the end of the year I had added several bonuses—we were drawing great crowds—and the pay came out to close to \$100,000. Things were looking up. Between the trip with the Globies and the season with the Warriors, Goose Tatum and Marques Haynes, who had split off from the Trotters and formed their own outfit, made me an offer that started at \$100,000 to come play with them. But I had to turn them down. On May 30, 1959 I signed with the Warriors for an announced \$30,000 contract, plus benefits. This was more money, said Gottlieb, than he had paid for the entire team *franchise*, and the franchise included an old equipment trunk. But let me put it this way: between the announced figure and what I was eventually paid, I didn't move into pro ball at a loss, you understand?

Oh, man, on that first year out I did what I had always wanted to do: I bought my family a home in a *fine* section of Philadelphia. It was 6205 Cobbs Creek Parkway—it has that *sound* of a good address—and I paid about \$30,000 cash for it. They were good years for a young man.

My life started fast in the pros. And it's been fast ever since. But from the



start. I always kept this in mind: professional basketball is a means to an end. You follow me? It's a tough, wrenching, killing game, and anybody who goes into it ought to realize that. I had *expected* the play to be rough, man. I was used to rough play from the time I started on school yards. But in the pros—because of all that fanfare I got—they figured they had better be *living* for me.

The game had a kind of image like professional wrestling. There were good guys and villains. It was a bush image that nobody needed but that nobody has been able to erase. Coaches and players and owners were shooting each other down all the time in the papers. And the sportswriters themselves were well aware of this business, though they weren't always right about other things. I have a kind of theory about that, you know? I think some basketball players have off nights, and I think some sportswriters have *their* off nights, too, when they can't hit a thing. With our too-long season, these guys are always reaching for angles, and I'm a big target. Pretty soon I was getting tired of the near-misses. By March 25, 1960 I'd had it. I quit the game. I was all out of equilibrium, you know? I figured I had just about achieved everything in pro ball then: a 37.6-point-per-game average for 72 games. The rough play had cost me two front teeth. Clyde Lovellette had bashed me with an elbow under the basket and hammered my teeth right up into my gums. And I was getting a kind of image that was driving me crazy. If I scored 40 points one night, I was a bum if I hit only 35 the next night. If I paced myself to stay in there for 48 minutes, some people accused me of loafing. They were getting so used to my scoring that sportswriters were starting to say, "Wilt scored only 45 points last night and..."

At the same time, the Warriors' attendance had gone from 153,566 to 236,833 for 33 home games in my rookie year. And even my worst critics admitted I was the big reason attendance was up 27% all around the league.

I confess I did a little lashing back myself in those days. But when I retired I made every effort to do it with dignity, to help improve the league's image. But it was tough. You don't get all this hoop-haw in other big-league sports. Then my friends and family talked me into coming back and giving it one more try. So what happens?

*continued*



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"With is using the retirement gimmick to get a raise," they said.

Nonsense. I had earned, and I got, a raise on my performance as a rookie. And to peeve to everybody that there was none of that sort of *crisis* negotiation going on. I signed back on with a three-year contract.

So here I am at the end of another contract, and I don't know . . . There are a lot of nice guys in the NBA that I'd miss. I mean, take Bill Russell.

On the basketball court Russell is my sworn enemy. Which is the way it ought to be. But in private life he is the greatest and one of my closest friends. You say it shouldn't be that way? Don't be silly, man. I've told you about the close associations basketball players form—it's the *nature* of the game. Russell and I agreed a long time ago that we would pull no punches on the playing field. He gets a savage kick out of stuffing a ball back down my throat, and sometimes when I jump up under the basket who do I come down on top of? Old Bill Crunch! But off the court is something else again.

One time this season we played the Celtics in Philadelphia—and beat them pretty good. Then we all got on a plane for Boston to play them there.

"A little gin rummy, baby?" said Russell.

He knows I'm a sucker for card games—any card games. It's a thing that started a long time ago when I was trying to prove that a giant could do something with his *awful* as well as with his body. So we settled down to play.

"Before we start," said Bill, "I think there's something you ought to know. I've got this thing." And he began to fish through his wallet.

"What is it?" I said.

He showed it to me. It was a license to carry a gun.

"You win this game," he said, "and I'm going to shoot you dead."

He didn't shoot me, but he *did* beat me the next night on the basketball floor. See what I mean? Still, people get the two leuds mixed up. It's a vicious, real feud on the floor; it's a pretend feud when we're together after the game. And when Russell gets named to the NBA All-Star team—and I get left off—what am I supposed to do? Run screaming off into the night? When Russell gets more rebounds, some people come to me and ask what I think about *that*. Man, I think it's *fine*, that's what I think. Bill

Russell is a helluva basketball player.

Anyway, it would be fine if everybody else in the NBA got along as well as Russell and me, if there was no sniping and slinging away at each other in public. That would improve the image. And here's some more things that would help. The NBA ought to cut the season by at least 20 games. Snick! Right now, The result would be that the public would get better basketball immediately. The players could give 100% all the time instead of, say, 75% . . . like they're giving now. I would—man, I *promise* you—I would take a pay cut if they trim the schedule. But I recognize that I'm richer than a lot of the other guys on this circuit. You mention pay cut to them and you've got a fight on your hands. Actually, you wouldn't need pay cuts. Any loss to the owners would be made up by bigger attendance, because *all* the games would be better. You dig this?

**W**e also need six teams to a division. We've got to find three more good cities to come in and close this gap between the first- and last-place teams. You know how it's going now. I mean, why play a whole season in the Eastern Division just to eliminate the Knicks? And we've got to do something about the hushville coaching system. This routine about using ex-players as coaches—and even some *current* players as coaches—does not fill an audience with confidence that we're getting the best people to run the game. What does that radio announcer say when Detroit is playing, huh? "Coach DeBussehere sends himself into the game?" And does he say, "Now the coach is angrily thumbing himself out?" Oh, man, *that* stuff is just too much.

Why don't the NBA owners search out good college coaches? I mean, some *tough*, qualified ones, and offer them job-secure contracts and no pressures? Give them the leeway and the time they need to build good teams, you know? Get the coaches' advice on trades and cuts and contracts. You'd see an improvement in the game right away. Man, it certainly can't go on this way and achieve a big-league image.

Sorry if I've sounded like a know-it-all. But this comes from a guy who loves the game, despite his gripes. It used to make me mad—mad, hell, I mean it really *burned* me—to hear someone say I was a born loser. That I've never played

on a winning team. But I've calmed down a lot lately. It all depends on what you call a winner. If you mean it one way, you're on a winner if you're playing 500 ball. Also it can mean that you win the number of games you should with the players you have on hand. Take the 76ers. We had a real winning lool. Then Hal Greer got hurt. Then Costello. Then Greer and Costello. Then Lucius Jackson. On other teams I've been on, let's face it, all the personnel did not always measure up. Thus one high-scoring center can only do so much, right? Don't forget—I can drink baskets all night long if they'll get the ball in there to me. On *that* basis, the only way you could possibly enslave me for not being on a winner as if I was on the Boston Celtics and, surrounded by top talent like that, we still didn't win.

But suppose we take it another way. I've been playing this game for six years as a pro. Take Jimmy Brown in football. Jimmy played *seven* years before he was on a winner. Do people call *him* a loser? You bet your sweet life they don't. And take the great Owen Robertson, the Big O. You know, he's a loser like me if you're going to use *that* yardstick. Oscar has never been on a winning team either.

Well, here I am with this gigantic sore stomach. It's pancreatitis. It's complicated by spasms. I'm taking two kinds of medicines, and they're *reboundin'* against each other. So I'm going to spend the summer getting better, and thinking about my future.

It isn't the money, baby. I mean, I've got this 40-unit apartment house in Los Angeles valued at about \$600,000. I've sunk about a quarter million into it so far. I've got another 27-unit apartment house off Riverside Drive in New York and a couple of houses in Philadelphia that I lease out. For several years now I've been plunking from \$12,000 to \$18,000 a year into mutual funds. Man, I've even got a piece of three trotting horses that are actually paying for their keep. In fact, they're making money, you know? And if worse comes to worst, I could list myself as an assistant bottle opener, or something, at Big Wilt's Small's Paradise in Harlem and draw down a \$15,000-a-year salary. Right now I don't take any money out of the club. I put it all back in.

All that loot may not buy happiness, but it would buy an awful lot of peace and quiet.

END

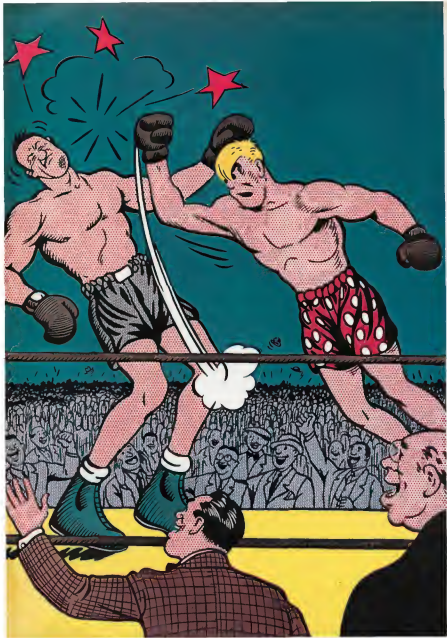
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The greatest sports hero in the history of the funny papers is Joe Palooka, the ageless and seemingly indestructible heavyweight. He has wallaped the likes of Ruffy Balonki and Red Radney with boyish ease, tee hee, but now, tch tch, he leads a quiet suburban life

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

# A CHAMP FOR ALL TIME!!!

In recent years the heavyweight champions of the world have been, from an overall point of view, unsatisfactory. Floyd Patterson is a splendid chap outside the ring, but inside it he has difficulty lasting a full round with Sonny Liston. Liston, in turn, has been a tiger in the ring, but a tiger out of it, too. The current champ, Cassius Muhammad Ali Clay, is a loudmouth, no matter how skilled a pugilist. Fortunately for boxing buffs, especially those who live in dream worlds, there is one heavyweight champion whose reign is unsullied and unbesmirched by questionable antics. That champion is Joe Palooka of the comic strips.

Joe Palooka is the most popular sporting hero in the history of the funnies. When he appeared on Coast Guard recruiting posters, enlistments were said to have doubled. The city of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., his home town, named a mountain after him, and the state of Indiana erected a 30-foot limestone statue of Joe on Highway 37 between Indianapolis and Bedford. In the eyes of citizens everywhere Joe Palooka is the American dream come true. He is strong but modest, manly but virtuous, tolerant but principled. He would never think of wrestling cops, much less of drinking. He never mouths off. There is some swearing in the strip—usually expressed by \$!\$%&—but the worst expletive Joe himself ever utters is a mild "tch tch," and his cry of triumph is almost always a subdued "tee hee."

Joe Palooka is only 29 years old, but he has been champion for the last 35 years. He was 16 when he won the title in 1930 by knocking out the villainous Jack McSwatt yet, for a champ who has aged as little as he has, he has changed in a number of subtle ways. His black hair has, without benefit of dye, become blond. His eyes have shrunk from big round circles to two black dots. When he started his career he was just a dumb Polish boy—"Polack" was the word in that unreconstructed period—from the hard-coal country, and his mother tongue was broken English punctuated only by "gulp, gulp." Now Joe lives in Old Greenwich, Conn. and speaks almost as crisply as Gene Tunney. He is married to Ann Howe, "lovely socialite," who was his fiancée for 18 years. Nothing is more demonstrative of Palooka's rise in status than his marriage. To David Manning White and Robert H. Abel, a couple of highbrow commentators on mass culture who edited *The Funnies, An American Idiom*, Palooka's marriage to the daughter of a cheese tycoon is a "dramatic" example of "social mobility."

As a matter of fact, Joe has risen so high in social status that he has not fought in more than 10 years. The McNaught Syndicate, which edits and distributes the strip, fears that boxing is in such disrepute that Palooka's image would suffer if he stepped into the ring again. As a *continued*

In a pop art rendering of Palooka at his best, Artist Dan Moss depicts Joe biffing a typically evil contender as the stars fly and the crowd goes wild.

result of this thinking, Joe now passes the time antiquing with Ann in nearby Norwalk, and Knobby Walsh is reduced to managing a folk singer.

Joe Palooka is the brainchild of the late Hammond Edward (Ham) Fisher, a controversial sort who was as complex as Joe was simple. "Fisher's trouble was that he hated people," says Al Conway, who worked as an assistant to Fisher before branching out on his own with *Li'l Abner*. "His day was ruined if he saw somebody eating." Fisher was a pudgy little man who was obsessed by Joe Palooka. He lived and died for Joe, whom he treated as a real human being. He commonly used the pronouns "me" and "us" when speaking about Joe, and Harold Conrad, the fight publicity man, says Fisher used to get so carried away "that you'd expect Joe to walk in from the next room."

Like Palooka, Fisher came from Wilkes-Barre. He was born in 1900, and as far back as he could remember he was always drawing, much to the disgust of his father, a businessman. After finishing high school, Fisher put in a two-week stint at college, knocked around at odd jobs and then, at 20, hooked on with a local newspaper as a reporter, cartoonist and part-time advertising salesman. Wilkes-Barre was then a thriving light town, and one day in 1921, while hanging around a pool hall, Fisher ran into an acquaintance, a big, burly Polish boxer named Joe. "Hiya, Ham!" Joe said. "Why don't I and youse go up to the munisippal golf course and have a game of golf?" At once a light bulb marked "idea" lit up in Fisher's brain, and he hurried

back to the paper, where he dashed off a comic panel about a boxer named Joe Dumbelletski, envisioned as "a dumb, good-natured fighter, a tender-hearted guy that doesn't want to hurt anybody." Fisher looked upon Dumbelletski as "the perfect strip character," but almost 10 years passed before Fisher could persuade any paper to buy Joe. During the course of trying to peddle the strip, Fisher changed Joe's last name to Palooka, a term he picked up from Leo P. Flynn, who managed Jack Dempsey. As Flynn defined the word, a palooka meant a set-up fighter, a pushover, and since the initial episodes had Joe acting as such for McSwatt, the new name seemed appropriate. Fisher later said that to his horror he discovered that palooka was a corruption of a Greek slang word meaning bull thrower. (In *The American Language*, Supplement I, H. L. Mencken says Jack Conway, a baseball player who became a writer for *Faerie*, originated the word as slang for a third-rater. Conway is also credited with introducing baloney, high-hat, pushover, payoff, belly laugh and scam.)

In the late 1920s Fisher moved to New York and went to work as a salesman for the McNaught Syndicate. In a whirlwind 39-day trip, Fisher sold Simebel and McEvoy's *Drive-Dequaw* to 41 papers. Awed, Charles McAdam, president of the syndicate, succumbed to the Fisher-sales line himself and gave Fisher permission to sell Palooka. He could have saved himself the trouble. Fisher had already told editors that on his next swing he would be back with the most terrible comic strip ever. With the editors practically panting



As originally drawn by Fisher in 1928, Joe had dirt, hair, round eyes and a goofy expression. Here are his first meetings with cartooning Knobby Walsh and his wife Anne Howe.



Better in trouble, Joe and Ann had a rocky 18-year romance that was fought by Knobby and snobbish Mrs. Rose. Marriage also was delayed by plane crashes, war and amnesia.



to see it, the brash Fisher had no difficulty selling Palooka to 30 papers in just three and a half weeks.

The first appearance of Joe Palooka occurred on April 19, 1930, and Fisher was so proud of the beginning story line that he redrew it in 1943 as Joe reminisced to Army buddies on how he won the title. The first sequence opened with Joe as a strong, dumb kid, trying to help out his family, which consists of Mom ("She's nice an' fat an' kin she cook. Golly!"), Pop, a spindly coal miner, little brother Steve, who later becomes world middleweight champ, and kid sister Rose. Joe answers a newspaper ad for a boy at a haberdashery run by Knobby Walsh, who was modeled on Knob Levison, a Wilkes-Barre cigar store proprietor. "An' is the celery rilly a whole three dollars—honst?—Oh boy!" asks Joe. "Uh—that's a typographical error," says Knobby. "It shoulda read \$2.00—Ya'll git a raise—ah next year."

Joe gets the job, and one afternoon when Knobby goes off to play pinocle Joe innocently allows a gang of thieves to loot the store because he thinks they have charge accounts. Knobby is ruined, and he fires Joe, who, yob, slinks home. While Knobby is drowning his sorrows in a saloon, he overhears Jack Muffie, manager of Jack McSwatt, the champion, telling the bartender that he is looking for a pushover opponent for a five-round exhibition in Wilkes-Barre. For \$200 Knobby gets Joe, who knows nothing about the money, or, for that matter, boxing, but who is eager to help out dear Mr. Walsh. Joe shows up for the fight wearing polka-dotted swimming trunks, and for the first four rounds he takes a dreadful drubbing from McSwatt, who laughs as he counts the punches he bounces off Joe's chin. But Joe won't give up despite Knobby's guilt-

stricken pleas to quit. Just as the bell rings for the start of the fifth, Knobby gets an idea: he tells Joe that McSwatt is the head of the gang that looted his haberdashery. "W-WHAT?" exclaims Joe. "WHY DINT YOUS TELL ME!!!" He rushes at McSwatt shouting, "YOUS UN-HONIST CROOK!" He belts McSwatt to the canvas with a mighty right and, as the referee tells the knockout, Joe yells, "GIT UP AN' I'LL GIVE YOUS MORE—" Inasmuch as a five-round exhibition was then considered an official fight in Pennsylvania, Joe is declared the champ, and he is carried on the shoulders of the cheering crowd to his dressing room, blushing furiously and mumbling, "Tch ich." He tells Knobby that since he hates fighting he will defend the title "only against crooks an' bullies."

Joe is true to his pledge. He takes on a series of villainous contenders, usually symbolized—as western badmen are by black hats—by gigantic unshaven jaws, slant eyes and agitated beads of sweat popping off their foreheads. They invariably curse, &S%;!, but no matter what they do Joe always triumphs. With Joe, right is might, and since he is the essence of goodness he never loses. Oddly enough, he never has fought a Negro. Occasionally Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson or some other Negro fighter would ask Fisher about this, and his standard reply was, "But how would you feel when Joe beat him?"

Fisher considered himself an ultraliberal in politics, and the strip had one of the few Negro characters in the fannies, Smokey, the valet. In the early days Smokey was a black-faced, pancake-toting bundle of "yowwls" and laughs, but throughout the 1930s he began to lose some of his Uncle Tom characteristics and reached the point where he was

*continued*

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JOE PALOOKA *continued*

not only valet and cook but "sparring partner and revered companion" as well. Snokey also began to grow lighter and lighter in color, until one day, in the early 1940s, he suddenly disappeared altogether from the strip and has not been seen since. At the time of his disappearance Snokey, so Al Capp says, was sounding like John Gielgud.

Besides boxing, romance was one of the main themes of the strip. Shortly after winning the title, Joe meets the socially prominent Ann Howe, who hap-



Illustrating the title in 1940 with a slightly "silly" Joe, bumps into Al Howe

pens to visit his training camp on a lark. She is immediately struck by his modest and simple manner, and she invites him to her home. Mr. Howe is the head of the U.S. cheese industry, and Mrs. Howe is a complete snob. Like Ann's friends, she disapproves of Palooka, but Ann stands up for him: "He's just the most lovable innocent baby ever lived! Can you show me one MAN in our set who's as clean or fine? Ooh how I love him! I want to love him to death! I want to snuggle him—mother him—I—I—." Knobby tries to break up the romance—"You gotta cut her out! It ain't good for yer racket. . . . Ya know she's too high sassivity fer youse, and ya'd only make it tough fer her"—but Joe, gulp, gulp, is in love, Joe and Ann commence their rocky, 18-year-long engagement, which is sporadically threatened by plane crashes, title fights, wars and amnesia. In a 1933 strip Joe tells Ann why they cannot marry at once. "I centry

*continued*



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JOE PALOOKA *—continues—*

want have youse marry me until I kin give youse ever'thing in the world," he says, overlooking the fact that as champ he must certainly be in the big money. Ann replies, "I wish you didn't feel you have to have money for me, precious. I'd gladly live in poverty with you. It would be paradise."

By the mid-1930s the strip had become fantastically successful. It was appearing in more than 600 newspapers and had more than 50 million readers. When, after one fight, Joe announced that he had trained solely on cheese, the sales of cheese shot up so spectacularly



Major Tufananda and Joe Farley were among celebrities Fisher drew into strip.

that the National Cheese Institute gratefully crowned Fisher "Cheese King of 1937." Fisher himself was well on the way to making \$250,000 a year just from the strip alone, and he added to this with royalties from radio, movies, comic books and a slew of enterprises using the Palooka image. He hobnobbed with the rich and famous, and he drew them into his strip. Joe boxed with Dempsey and Tunney, and the strip was peopled with such celebrities as Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, Borello LaGuardia, Jimmy Walker, Claudette Colbert and Jim Farley. Occasionally a regular character would be modeled on someone in real life, such as Ruffy Balonki, the crude, hairy challenger, obviously patterned after Tony Galento, or the later challenger, round Humphrey Pennyworth, for whom Toots Shor is supposed to have served as inspiration. All in all, Palooka was so prosperous that Fisher was able to hire assistants to do most of the work for him. After receiving the story line, they would draw and color the strip, ex-

Continued



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JOE PALOOKA

cept for blank ovals indicating Palooka's face. When an installment was ready for McNaught, Fisher would arrive at the studio groaning nightly, roll up his sleeves and draw the faces. No assistant was allowed to touch Joe's face. It was the holy of holies. "It was like some sacred relic," Capp recalls. "Nothing profane could go into that place."

For all his success, Fisher remained a tight man with a dollar. In a bitter memoir entitled "I Remember Monster," which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Capp wrote of Fisher, without nam-



*Joe knew two Big Leaguers, a hillbilly column drawn by Fisher's aide, Al Capp*

ing him. "It was my privilege, as a boy, to be associated with a certain treasure-trove of lousiness, who, in the normal course of each day of his life, managed to be, in dizzying succession, every conceivable kind of a heel. . . . From my study of this one li'l man, I have been able to create an entire gallery of horrors. For instance, when I must create a character who is the ultimate in cheapness, I don't, like less fortunate cartoonists, have to rack my brain wondering what real bottom-of-the-barrel cheapness is like. I saw the classic of 'em all. Better than that, I was the victim of it."

Capp modeled Soft-Hearted John, a paragon of penuriousness, on Fisher. In turn, Fisher accused Capp of having stolen the idea of Li'l Abner from Big Levittus, a repugnant hillbilly character who fought Palooka in the early '30s. Capp retorted by lampooning Fisher as Happy Vermig, a cheap cartoonist who kept Li'l Abner locked in a dimly lit closet

*continued*



Do you remember  
that wonderful year...



1849?

*If you do—you and Schlitz have  
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Zachary Taylor became president. The California



gold rush started.

Amelia Jenks Bloomer unveiled ladies'



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Andrew Usher did, a bit of an individualist. He made the first really light Scotch in 1853, and marked it with the Green Stripe. Years later a lot of distillers began making light Scotch—but nobody ever made one better. Green Stripe doesn't cost anything more. Bottled in Scotland.



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JOE PALOOKA *Continued*

churning out a comic strip about hillbillies for which Vermin grabbed all the credit. "I'm proud of having created these characters!" Vermin exults to L.I. Ahner. "They'll make millions for me! And if they do—I'll get you a new light bulb!"

Fisher's feuds aside, Palooka plodded onward and upward in public esteem. Perhaps his best-remembered adventure of the 1930s was his enlistment in the Foreign Legion. It seems that after a particularly grueling fight Joe is accused of carrying his opponent the distance so gamblers can make a betting coup. At



In a unique episode, F.D.R. appeared on the strip to free Joe from Foreign Legion.

about the same time Joe has a minor tiff with Knobby and, out of desperation, he and Smokey join the Legion. But to Fisher's loudly announced public anguish, it appears that anyone who then joined the Legion could never get out, and to resolve the situation Fisher got permission from the White House to have President Franklin Delano Roosevelt intercede. F.D.R. was shown in the strip two days running, telling Knobby that he had persuaded the President of France to discharge Joe. After that Fisher was a somewhat familiar figure in Washington, and he took to referring to the President as "Frank" in conversations back in New York.

The greatest change in Joe occurred when he enlisted in the Army in 1940. His language started to improve. He began saying "shouldn't" instead of "shunt," because Fisher wanted him to serve as a model soldier. Despite his newly acquired polish, Joe himself realized

*continued*

## If you want to STOP SMOKING here's how!



by Whitey Ford

The famous Major League pitcher who holds the most World Series records tells what happened when he decided smoking was not good for his physical fitness.

I talked to my doctor about smoking and he advised me to quit. I did. But it was hard. Then I heard about a little pill called Bantron. I was surprised to find that it helped a lot to keep me from smoking. Now, when I feel like relapsing, I just take Bantron instead.

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Case, \$29.98, \$2.98; and Wall Paper case, \$29.12, \$2.98. Look for display at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores. Taylor Instrument Companies, Coaster Products Division, Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

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At 2½¢ apiece, that amounts to \$125,000. And that's a lot of money when you're only No. 2.

So our man in charge of buttons came up with a cheaper version. We're sure it'll work as well for everyone. (Like the Bishop in Africa who got 300 to inspire good works in his district.)

If all it took were buttons, though, the world would be on its way to being a better place.

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**down**

BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT.

JOE PALOOKA *continued*

he couldn't become commissioned. "I don't deserve t'be an' don't know enuff t'be"—and he served as a private for six years. Fisher later claimed that the expression "GI Joe" originated with Palooka.

The outbreak of the war gave Fisher the chance to preach in the strip, and he became a moralist second only to Walter Winchell. The crooks and bullies of the prize ring became the fascist rats of Nazi Germany. "THE WORLD'S GOTTA BE RID OF FASCISTS EVERYWHERE!" Joe explains to Jerry Leemy, his Army buddy from Greenpernt, while both are on duty with the French underground. Villainous Germans seem to surround Joe. While giving a boxing exhibition with Bill Williams aboard a troopship, Joe is washed overboard. A German sub surfaces, but Joe clammers aboard, kayaks the captain with a left hook and captures the vessel. Aboard another troopship, a German spy inadvertently banks with Joe. Joe clobbers the fellow, who has the rather odd habit of opening a porthole in the blacked-out ship and signaling with lighted kitchen matches. There was a bit of a furor when Joe shot a German soldier in the back during the North African campaign, but Joe didn't pay any mind. While serving with Yugoslav Partisans he helps ambush a German patrol. "Nize shooding, Choe," says Big Mike, a Partisan, but Joe answers, "Only got two, tch tch!"

Back on the home front, an escaped German prisoner of war with a gigantic unshaven jaw is captured by Knobby and a friend. When he boasts that the Nazis are going to murder everyone in the U.S.—"Ya! Like Rotterdam and Varsaw—Ha ha!"—Knobby holds a gun while the friend beats the German up. He belts the German with a left hook to the jaw ("Fer the women an' kuds you rats killed in London—"), a right smash to the nose ("Fer th' French an' th' Dutch an' th' Cath'lics an' th' Poles an' th' Protestants an' Czechs an' Jews—") and a savage wallop to the belly ("An' that was fer the soldier that fed ya an' ya killed at th' prison camp—"). The Nazi sags to the ground numbing, "Kamerad Kamerad," while in the background a curvy blonde in a bathing

*continued*



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There are more than  
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**But Aetna Life is the first  
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You're a young businessman with a family. And lately, nibbling away at the back of your mind is the suspicion that you should own more life insurance. But since it isn't compulsory, or a source of material pleasure like your car or TV, it's pretty easy to push life insurance aside. You're only human.

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Put Aetna Life's thorough, professional counseling to work for you. It'll take a big load off your mind.



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suit, armed with a club, says, "Please—Please let me smash him."

From time to time, Joe returns from overseas to lend a hand on the home front. He and Knobby attend a party given by a black-market profiteer. The guests are only interested in a good time, and when Joe starts telling them about the war instead of his title fight with Red Rodney, one says, "Oh, don't be gloomy," while another pouts, "Give him a drink." But Joe tells them all off: "I've just come back from where the fightin's goin' on—there's kids dyin' out there an' I can't wait t'get back alongside of 'em."

Joe took so many cracks at the Nazis that Fisher liked to boast he was No. 1 on Hermann Goring's liquidation list for the U.S. While Goring was under arrest awaiting the Nurnberg Trials, an American correspondent asked him about Joe Palooka and Ham Fisher. Goring said he had never heard of either. When Fisher learned of this he was heartbroken.

The war over, Joe returned to the ring. He had a tough fight with Humphrey Pennyworth, the blacksmith from West Wokkington Falls, Ohio, and only managed to win when Pennyworth, knocked to the canvas, was unable to rise because his behind was stuck fast in the crushed ring floor.

By the late 1940s, public pressure was mounting for Joe's marriage to Ann. The wedding finally took place at the Palooka homestead in Wilkes-Barre on June 24, 1949, and in keeping with the notion that Joe was a living, breathing human being Fisher mailed out engraved invitations. Among those who accepted were Chief Justice Fred Vinson, Attorney General Tom Clark and General Omar Bradley. "I want to make the Joe Palooka marriage the realest and loveliest kind of marriage," Fisher said. "They're going to be the ideally happy and adjusted couple."

Unfortunately for Fisher, he himself was not happy in the years that followed. He suffered from diabetes and complained of failing eyesight. He would rage endlessly about Capp. In February 1955 the board of governors of the National Cartoonists Society suspended

*continued*

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It'll see to it that you take beautiful pictures every time; not just when the sun's out, but at moments when things really look black to you.

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They gave the 500 S their highest "A Recommended" rating.)

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## JOE PALOOKA continues

Fisher for "conduct unbecoming a member." The society charged that he had used altered drawings of *Li'l Abner* to prove Capp's work was pornographic. A few days after Christmas that same year Fisher ended his life with an overdose of pills.

Moe Leff, an assistant, carried on the strip before leaving in 1959. The McNaught Syndicate engaged another artist, Tony DiPreta, who had worked as an assistant on *Mickey Finn* with Lank Leonard. Nowadays DiPreta draws the strip from scripts submitted to the syndicate by several free-lance writers. Any number of the old characters are still hanging around. Some have aged, some haven't. Little Max, the mute shoeshine boy, is still about 9. On the other hand, Joe's little sister, Rosie, has grown up. Humphrey Pennyworth still lives in West Wokington Falls, and every once in a while he makes a trip to New York on his tricycle, Jerry Leemy, who made a fortune with Pennyworth setting up a chain of Humphreyburger restaurants across the country, has retired from business and passes the time playing the horses. It is a sign of the times that Leemy never mentions the Dodgers anymore.

Joe and Knobby own a restaurant in Manhattan, but Joe's life is centered, at least in the Sunday strips, on his home life in Old Greenwich with Ann and their two children, Joannie, who has been 8 for the last several years, and Buddy, who seems to have stopped growing at 4. Joe is still heavyweight champ, but he hasn't put on the gloves in years. He leads a nice suburban life, but it is a dull one to many readers. Instead of boving, he goes skiing with Knobby or bluefishing with Leemy. Sometimes he takes the kids sledding. Joe still looks as fit as he did in the past—if anything, his shoulders have broadened—but he lacks the zip. Gone are the plots of the prize ring. The villains of yesteryear are no more. Life seems drab for Joe and even for Ann. The strip is stale. Happily, there is some talk that Joe may soon return to the ring. His old fans certainly hope so. With the likes of Lison and Clay around, Joe owes it to them. If he doesn't fight, it's a S-I-T!—a shame. END



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Kram really missed the boat. Invited of providing the astounding success story of the boys from the corn country, Iowa State, he gave us all sorts of drab data on the Oklahoma State defeat and an equally uninteresting brief on the Cougars' Spartan existence. Granted, OSU has a great wrestling tradition, but when they are knocked off the public wants to know more about the conquerors. Iowa State rates center stage for defeating the Yankees of college wrestling.

BILL SCHRAAG

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

I was a little dismayed that you failed to mention which school Joe Bavaro (147-pound finalist) attends. It is not often that you find a finalist with Joe's ability attending an extremely small college (1,800 students) such as Gettysburg.

GEORGE THOMPSON

Gettysburg, Pa.

#### PELOTTARIAN

Sirs:

While I thoroughly enjoyed Jack Olsen's article on jai alai and Churrua (*Five at the Fronto*, March 29), I must take issue with his failure to mention any of the other great *pelotaris* currently competing at the Miami fronton. In particular, Olsen failed to recognize the great Orbea, easily the world's finest front-court player (Churrua is a backcourt man). Admittedly, it is difficult and even unfair to compare the two. Churrua is physically agile, fast and powerful while the smaller Orbea must use amazingly accurate ball placement and cunning to offset his relative lack of physical assets. More important though, Orbea is a clutch player. Of the two, Churrua is easily the most spectacular and crowd-pleasing, but when the chips are down Orbea is El Maestro.

MARTIN MARGER

Hialeah Fla.

Sirs:

Thank you for another fine article on jai alai. However, please note that there is indeed a "gringo" professional player, namely, my brother, Richard Roberts, who played at Orlando, Fla. in 1962 and who began playing at the Tijuana, Mexico fronton this January 1. Dick works in San Diego by day, then dons a *vesta* to moonlight across the border at night.

We need to legalize jai alai in California and New York if we hope to produce players for possible Olympic play. Let's close the gap on the Basques before it's too late!

RONALD B. ROBERTS

Myrtle Beach AFB, S.C.

Sirs:

I personally think jai alai is the greatest game in the world, both as a spectator sport

continued



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One might expect a more formidable-looking vehicle for \$4200-plus. Yet many who are knowledgeable about cars believe there is nothing more desirable available at any price.

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Once you've driven a Porsche you'll never be completely satisfied in another car. Call your dealer today. For name of dealer, write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Wren Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey.

PORSCHE



# Never Cuddle a Hornpout

Sometimes called a bullhead, it is a small-scale monster of no charm but remarkable liveliness in a fight

by BURTON HERSH

It had taken Champ a good many months to get me interested in hornpout fishing, once I realized that a hornpout was fundamentally an eastern bullhead. In the part of the Middle West that I had grown up in—in Minnesota—tying into a bullhead was only a little less gloomy an event than snagging a hook on the scalloped tail of some vast, ancient mud turtle.

In southern New Hampshire, though, hornpouting seemed to be a recognized sport. People I knew would go after them in spring and fall, in the hour just after twilight, appearing immediately afterward at kitchen poker tables or bowling tournaments with rusty buckets full of flipping over with catches of hornpouts, which looked like intertwined nests of overfed blacksnakes, whimpering together, writhing and charming like inky living hearts. To me they were a fish only an ichthyologist could love. But fashion is fashion and, in the end, Champ, who is as shrewd and knowledgeable a sportsman as I have found in that corner of New Hampshire, tempted me into going out with him.

We climbed out of the cab of Champ's weathered navy-blue pickup truck just after sundown. Carl, a longtime friend of Champ's who lives and keeps a rowboat on the eastern beach of little Lake Todd, came out and offered us a hand. Lake water had somehow collected beneath the stern seat of the rowboat, and we bailed out what we could with a half-flattened two-pound coffee can. Champ, who is not tall but is square-set enough to make up for it, worked his way gingerly toward the rowboat's front, and once he was settled I handed him his paper pail full of old leaves and snarls of night crawlers and shoved us off.

Once we were properly out and had left the bly pads, and little choppy waves had started to bang and slide hollowly around the planking, it was completely black. The blades of the oars swirled soft and invisible on both sides of us. We went straight up the lake for a hundred yards or so and let ourselves drift

freely while we got our bearings in the upcoming twilight wind. With the help of a flashlight we found a stump Carl had mentioned as a promising spot. I let the very light little cylinder of anchor out until it nicked the bottom.

Champ handed me a drop line, which he had already set for depth by tying a loop of slipknot where he thought I should hold it out beyond the right-hand gunwale. The night was very dark, moonless, peaceful. Waves were buttering and rocking us gently, and we were already dragging our little anchor and drifting steadily toward shore.

I felt something alive hauling lightly against my touch, and began to take up the unseen line fingerhold over fingerhold. It came up straight but twirling, broke through the surface with a mashing of bubbles and scraped around the gunwale. I heard it skittering across the ribs immediately beneath my feet.

I planted a sneaker on whatever it was. "Guess I got one," I told Champ. "Guess you do."

"Maybe I ought to have a look at it." Groping, I came across the flashlight and played its weak beam around the debris under me. The fish looked at most 10 or 11 inches long, with a freckled, seaweed-green back. It had the wide, spade-shaped snout of a little aquatic cobra, with tiny, yellow eyes almost at the edges and a ferocious complex of what looked like wavering, wet, black darning needles working above and below its jaws.

Champ moved closer to say: "You know which ones the horns are?"

"Yah. Part of the whiskers."

Champ snorted. "Those're just the feelers. Actually, right now your hand is around one of the horns."

"No kidding?" Inside my palm I thought I felt something beginning to scratch me. My hand snapped open; I caught the line as the hornpout dropped and held it suspended by the leader.

"What happens if it does stick you?"

"You bleed, and it stings like hell."

Some people, their bodies really react to

*continued*

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## Hornpout continued

it and it gets 'em quite sick. The horns are in that top fin and the two side fins just behind the head."

Squinting, I was able to make the horns out—hollow-looking quills of cartilage along the fins' front edges.

"It's only by you hitting him or him moving that he stings you. He doesn't sting you," Champ said. "You prick yourself with him. If you go to touch him and he wriggles, that's when it happens. Here, I'll show you something. The best thing is to get your hand right up on the hook and hold him like that, see?" Champ pinched the hornpout tight where its lips had closed; round the shank of the hook. "Prevents them from wriggling too much. Then you can take him crossways, but the best idea is to slide right up his back with your two fingers and let the part between 'em push up the top fin while the tips of the fingers pull back the two at the sides. See?" Champ swung the hornpout over. I steadied the fish cautiously by tensing its lips against the hook and, while its sinuous black feelers stroked wetly across my thumb and it emitted its legendary whumping pout, was finally able to gaff it the way he had showed me. Champ tossed my hornpout into a badly calcified old pail somewhere toward the bow. I wove a new, springy night crawler onto my hook as evenly as I could.

We had drifted back into the lily pads, and Champ rowed us back out again. Except for the sluck of water against the sides it was completely still, the sky muffled and heavy with its pall of cloud. Bilge rolled unceasingly back and forth across my spongy sneakers. Suddenly the hornpout in the pail in front began to batter and thresh wildly, hammering against the pail's sealy, resounding sides. "Still alive," I said.

Champ stopped rowing. "See, they'll live out of water anywhere from two to three days. These here, you can leave 'em right in that dry pail overnight and throw 'em back in the water next morning and they'll swim away from you. Even after you get 'em cleaned—skin 'em, because that's how it's done around here, you break the spine just behind the gills and pull the rest of 'em completely out of their skins—and throw those fillets into a frying pan they'll still continue to wiggle their tails at you. Because a hornpout," Champ said as he took up the oars again, "has actually got quite a lot of life to it."

END

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A large, vibrant red corrugated metal structure, possibly a barn or silo, serves as the background. In the lower right, three cowboys in hats and boots are gathered around a small, dark-colored dog, petting it. The scene is set in a dusty, outdoor environment. On the left side, a large, oversized Marlboro cigarette pack is positioned vertically. Two cigarettes are shown protruding from the top of the pack. The pack is red with a white label featuring the Marlboro logo and the words 'Marlboro' and 'FILTER CIGARETTES'.

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